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EDITORIAL

CARTER'S MIDTERM CRISIS

"In the middle of the thirties we come upon a crossroads. We have reached the halfway mark. Yet even as we are reaching our prime, we begin to see there is a place where it finishes. Time starts to squeeze." So wrote Gail Sheehy in her popular self-help book *Passages*. The President has passed the halfway mark, and he seems to be in the throes of a midterm crisis—that dangerous time of life when a President confronts his future political extinction. Time squeezes.

Already, he can feel the cold winds blowing down from New Hampshire; if the Presidential primary were held tomorrow Edward Kennedy would win in a walk; Jerry Brown would hardly break a sweat. In the polls, the President's approval rating hovers below 40 percent. A week of foreign crises has cast him as impotent, making him a sitting-duck target for the hawks.

To return to Sheehy: "It is frightening to step off onto the treacherous footbridge leading us to the second half of life. . . . Along the way, we discover that we are alone." His 1976 constituency has evaporated, and the President finds himself similarly alone. To recoup his popularity, the pundits are saying, he should "show the flag"; his advisers quote Machiavelli to him. We prefer to quote Sheehy: "It is for each of us to find a course that is valid by our own reckoning." Carter's critics have a point when they accuse him of following a rudderless course, but they are disastrously wrong when they propose foreign adventures as the answer to drift. Taking on directly the demagogues of the right would be a good start on a Presidential midterm course.

STEVENSON FOR PRESIDENT
Norman Birnbaum

SELECTIVE POPULISM
Robert Lekachman

WAR IN ERITREA
Dan Connell

COLD-WAR CINEMA II
Nora Sayre

ADS, ETHICS AND THE NATION
Bradlee, Cousins, Bernbach, Gans, Jankowski, Sherrill, et al.

PUEBLA CONFERENCE

THE CHURCH KEEPS THE FAITH

PENNY LERNOUX

Puebla, Mexico

Don Quixote and Sancho Panza came to the colonial city of Puebla, Mexico, last month, along with 356 Catholic bishops, theologians, sociologists and hangers-on.

The occasion for this extraordinary gathering of Latin American prelates, Roman cardinals, liberation theologians and eight lobbying groups was the third hemisphere conference of Latin American bishops. The meeting was inaugurated by no less a personage than Pope John Paul II, who had just won the hearts of eighteen million Mexicans with his open smile and Polish-accented Spanish, the first man in "anti-clerical" Mexico to attract such crowds.

But the real draw at Puebla, site of the eighteen-day meeting which ended February 13, was a Quixote-like idealism that set the Latin American Catholic Church on a new course for social justice. Contrary to early reports, the Pope did not bury that idealism; taken as a whole, his speeches in Latin America gave a strong affirmation to the ideals expressed at the second hemisphere conference in Medellin, Colombia, in 1968, which committed an activist church to the poor and oppressed.

Convened shortly after Vatican II, when Latin America still seemed full of promise, or at least the possibility of change, Medellin called for sweeping political and economic reform that now seems elusive, even naive. The yeasty optimism of Medellin has given way to gloom in the face of worsening political and economic conditions in most Latin American countries, the rise of right-wing military dictatorships and the "grow-

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LETTERS.

OTHER BENTSEN CHOICES

Washington

I have no knowledge of Judge Ted Butler's record as Bexar County District Attorney ["Bentsen's Choice" by Dorothy J. Samuels and James A. Goodman, *The Nation*, Feb. 3]. If his anti-pornography crusade has been accurately portrayed in your article, I would be the last person to sanction it.

In fairness to Senator Bentsen, however, it should be noted that his recommendations for Federal judgeships in the Southern District of Texas (which includes Houston) have been excellent. Judge Finis Cowan, who was appointed in February 1977, has been almost universally regarded as an outstanding choice. Two of Senator Bentsen's recent recommendations for judgeships are also excellent choices. Gabrielle K. McDonald, for whom I formerly worked, is a noted civil rights attorney whose combination of intellect, savvy and good humor will serve her well on the bench. Magistrate Norman W. Black, before whom I have frequently appeared, is a model of judicial fairness and rectitude. Thus, while I have no basis to challenge your criticism of "Bentsen's choice," your readers should be aware that the Senator has made a number of "choices," many of which deserve commendation. *Paul Zarefsky*

MARXISM COMMENTARY

Hardinsburg, Ky.

Noam Chomsky's and Ellen Schrecker's otherwise excellent articles ["Ideological Conformity in America" and "The House Marxists," *The Nation*, Jan. 27] reveal an ideological bias as deep as the anti-Marxism in academe and the mass media. . . .

Can't one oppose the forces of corporate fascism, capitalistic feudalism and the military-industrial complex without having to join the ranks of equally morally and mentally stupefying belief systems? Why do the Marxists have to come off sounding like fundamentalist Christians who claim the sole rights to Jesus and truth, and condemn all others as tools of Satan, atheists and the like? Does a person have to adopt sectarian tags like Marxist, liberal or cutesy French labels such as *marxisante* to be entitled to criticize the state of the country?

I suggest, instead, that the ideal should be to forgo the authoritarian comforts of ideological identifications; that such identifications subconsciously prejudice the otherwise most skeptical critics. . . . I further suggest that, while the way is very lonely, agnosticism, not ideology, is the manner for sound interpretation of reality.

Finally, rejection of the superstition of ideology is not chaotic iconoclasm. One can agree with the basal conceptions of socialism, Marxism, democracy and skepticism without blind faith in the concepts as absolutes, but rather as approximations. *G.D. Goodman*

New York City

Ms. Schrecker doesn't adequately come to grips with the striking paradox of today's expansion of Marxist scholarship. While universities are busy co-opting academic Marxists and putatively *engagé* Marxist scholars are producing so much fruitful scholarship, teaching eager students and "preparing them for political action," the general political complexion becomes increasingly rightist, defense spending surges and social programs are eviscerated. How can this be? It simply boggles the mind how such seemingly contradictory tendencies can co-exist. Are the students flocking into Marxist courses becoming activists and revolutionaries or is their interest in Marxism a manifestation of the same cynicism which fuels the "anti-Government" tax revolt and rejection of social reconstruction? Perhaps a Marxist scholar will come forward with a "dialectical" explanation of this seeming contradiction and reveal the hidden "unity of opposites." *Thomas Robbins*

Amherst, Mass.

Ellen Schrecker's article raises a number of interesting questions.

First, is she correct to suggest that Marxism hardly existed in our universities before the last decade? True, the period 1948-60 was hardly propitious for Marxist studies—but before that, there were a number of scholars in a variety of fields who worked in the Marxist tradition. Think of Kenneth Burke, (a somewhat younger) Sidney Hook, Paul Sweezy. In the 1920s, there was at least one distinctive American contribution to Marxism—the work of Louis Boudin. In the 1930s, the group around *Partisan Review* learned its Marxism from a number of authoritative teachers, the emigrés of the Frankfurt School and Leon Trotsky among them. I suppose Ms. Schrecker would insist on a distinction between Marxism and the Marxist tradition, but in practice that is difficult to maintain.

Second, she is right to stress the recent influence of West European Marxism. . . . However, Marxism is important in Western European universities because of the Marxist tradition in large working-class parties. It has also coalesced with a number of radical tendencies among the intelligentsia in each country—giving, for instance, Italian Marxism a distinctly Italian temper. That is an advantage, which we lack—too many of our younger Marxists hesitate before the task of fusing Marxism with American tradition. The Europeans' skill in having effected that fusion accounts for their strong position in their nations' cultures and politics.

Third, are Marxist scholars in our universities faced with so unremittingly bleak a political prospect? For the moment, of course, Edmund Burkes (in a Brooklyn accent) seem to be prominent in our intellectual pantheon. However, for those who follow American politics, wasn't it a serious Marxist—Michael Harrington—who helped organize the opposition to the current Administration at the Democratic midterm convention? Our unions are not in excellent shape, no doubt, but they dispose of a capital of experience and militancy which too many academic Marxists ignore. There are serious possibilities in American politics, but self-pity and nostalgia for the last decade will hardly contribute to their realization. Moreover, if a new McCarthyism is to be fought off, we will need allies outside the universities.

Finally, isn't the task of Marxism as we near the end of the 20th century its own self-transcendence? Perhaps the colleague who said that he taught Marx as others taught Rousseau had a larger point than he was able to make. A Marxism which is unable to encompass both recent historical experience and the intellectual traditions of the 20th century would not be worth very much.

Norman Birnbaum, Professor
Dept. of Anthropology-Sociology
Amherst College

P.S. The period 1948-60 was not propitious for Marxism, but we ought not to forget that amid the large and small cowardices of the McCarthy-Eisenhower epoch, a group of colleagues faithful to the best in the Marxist tradition started the journal *Dissent*.

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EDITORIALS.

Global Outreach

President Carter was correct and even courageous in his Atlanta foreign policy speech when he said that those who thought the United States could and should "intervene" in Iran's revolution were "wrong." It took a certain amount of nerve to say that at a time when he is being accused on all sides of "incoherence" in the management of our relations with the rest of the world.

It is certainly true that the whole system of security built up over the last generation, when the United States was the unchallengeable superpower, is unraveling. But that was bound to happen as the Soviet Union's strength and reach increased, even as its revolutionary purposes disappeared, and when China began to emerge from its isolation. An additional important factor in this post-colonial world is that regional powers are themselves filling vacuums that the tangled Dulles superstructure of alliances once pretended to overarch in the name of cold-war resistance to "Communist" expansionism.

It is extraordinary, and jarring, that Henry Kissinger should emerge from the shadows at just this turbulent moment to express all the old, discredited values of that era of our history in a two-part interview in *The Economist* of February 3 and 10. Kissingerism is no alternative to Carterism in the real world of today, however "conceptually" confused the latter may be and however clumsy and contradictory the actual execution of the Carter policies may be.

It should be noted that Carter lays himself open to Kissinger's kind of attack on his policies and performance by allowing the two-track operations of Brzezinski in the National Security Council and Vance in the State Department. The proper solution to that problem, as we have noted before, is to get rid of the National Security Adviser, that office tailored to Kissinger during the decent interval before he was made Secretary of State in name also, and to operate through the more reliable and traditional channels of the State Department.

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being told, is an embarrassment to Carter with its "punitive" raid into northern Vietnam (which was a genuine "incursion," in contrast to the 1970 invasion of Cambodia by Nixon/Kissinger under the same euphemistic name). But Deng had thoroughly telegraphed that punch, and so it should have been no surprise. He practically told the world that it would come and that it would be similar to the Chinese incursion into India in 1962—a quick punitive operation and a rapid withdrawal. It should be quickly added, however, that military actions have a momentum of their own and the rush of events can sometimes overwhelm intentions. As Gareth Porter pointed out in *The Washington Post* (February 15), the interest of the United States is that Vietnam "maintain its independence from both China and the Soviet Union." That requires "the maintenance of a balance in which the United States must play its part." Unfortunately, our ability to play a constructive role in the crisis is prejudiced by our repeated refusal to normalize diplomatic relations with Vietnam.

Iran is another kind of embarrassment. In that truly revolutionary situation, as Carter noted in Atlanta, there is little this country can do to affect events. There are still scant signs of a *Thermidor* as the pot continues to boil now that our "friend," the Shah, who kept the iron lid on for so long, is gone. As we have urged before, the healthy start of a new American policy toward Iran would be the replacement of a tarnished Ambassador William Sullivan.

That brings us to the Middle East and the question of the Israel-Egypt mini-summit at Camp David. Almost never has a diplomatic negotiation been so gloomily discounted in advance. Both Israelis and Egyptians came to this next-to-last-ditch effort saying that they had no new ideas on how to break the deadlock, that the other side must do all the yielding and that they awaited new initiatives from Carter & Co. It is hard to imagine what those could be, given the heightened suspicions on both sides naturally arising out of the Iranian debacle and its consequent new instabilities. The best one can say is that this meeting of the foreign ministers may be an essential prelude to any serious new effort toward peace when that opportunity knocks again.

About Mexico and the admonitory lecture from President Jose Lopez Portillo that Carter had to sit through, we can only observe that he was paying for generations of patronizing neglect of our southern neighbor by all his predecessors. Given our new need for Mexico's energy resources, all Carter could do was take it, and this he gracefully did after recovering from his "Montezuma's revenge" gaffe.

The truth is that there is little that Carter can do to restore the outdated balances of a generation ago. And it can at least be said for him that he has not yet wavered on the main chance—a strategic arms limitation agreement with the Soviet Union. That will be the real test and it will come soon.

Traveling Bar

A January 15 ruling by the Supreme Court that was little noticed by civil libertarians does grievous injury to the Sixth Amendment to the Constitution. In an unsigned opinion, with three dissents, the majority (Chief Justice Warren Burger and Justices Potter Stewart, Harry Blackmun, Lewis Powell and William H. Rehnquist) overruled a lower Federal court's order that a hearing should be held on an Ohio court's refusal to allow two out-of-state attorneys to represent their client, the notorious *Hustler* publisher, Larry Flynt (which may explain the absence of protest). The Ohio court had given no reason for its ejection of Flynt's lawyers, and the lower Federal court said that there ought at least to be a hearing on the matter.

The Burger majority has ignored the long tradition in this country of nonresident lawyers, who have argued some of the greatest constitutional cases. As William Kunstler, himself an itinerant "have writ will travel" lawyer, reminded a group of law students in Kansas recently, the roll is a long one and includes Andrew Hamilton, who defended John Peter Zenger in Colonial America's most crucial freedom of the press case in 1735; Clarence Darrow, who championed numerous labor leaders before hostile local juries and, with another out-of-state lawyer named William Jennings Bryan, argued the famous Scopes case in Tennessee; Daniel Webster, and many others. Thurgood Marshall, Constance Baker Motley and Spottswood Robinson, all now on the Federal bench, traveled about the country for the N.A.A.C.P. Legal Defense Fund, arguing the group of cases gathered under the title of *Brown* v. *Board of Education*, which overturned the separate but equal doctrine. And in Alabama, in the 1930s, a lawyer named Samuel Liebowitz came down from New York to defend the Scottsboro boys against a rape charge that carried a sure death sentence when no unbiased local counsel could be found to represent them.

Justice Burger has been attacking lawyers over the last few years on all sorts of grounds, invoking various dodges and devices to curb them. Now he and his brethren wish to clap a residency requirement upon them. But beyond this, the decision undermines a defendant's right to choose his own counsel, a right specifically guaranteed in the Sixth Amendment. Local counsel might be reluctant, for example, to move that the judge disqualify himself, as did Flynt's lawyers. In the school desegregation cases, and in cases such as that of the Scottsboro boys, where prejudice makes resident lawyers reluctant either to take the case or dig up evidence that might embarrass the local establishment, a defendant's right to due process of law under the Fifth Amendment is also threatened by his inability to bring in an out-of-state lawyer. Finally, the law has become so highly technical that specialists making their headquarters in New York or other

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large cities are sometimes crucial to an effective defense. Chief Justice Burger and his confreres rendered their decision in Washington, D.C., but they sounded like a bunch of Philadelphia lawyers to us.

Saudi 'Allies'

The conjunction of the Ayatollah Khomeini's triumph in Iran and Secretary of Defense Harold Brown's trip to Saudi Arabia was not, of course, happenstance. The Policeman of the Persian Gulf having abdicated, the Saudis are being deputized. Secretary Brown was described as being "exultant" about the outcome of his talks with Saudi officials, and Defense Department strategists foresee a greater American military involvement in the area. The Saudis have long been regarded by such old Trilateral Commission hands as Zbigniew Brzezinski as a dependable ally. And, of course, they supply more than 20 percent of the United States' oil imports. The absence of Iranian oil from world markets has placed new demands on Saudi refineries. Over the longer haul, the United States, Europe and Japan are relying on them to double their present production by 1985, to meet rising world energy demands.

But just how "dependable" are the Saudis? They have certainly remained immune to the spirit of Camp David, and it is now clear that an Egyptian-Israeli peace treaty may never be signed unless Saudi demands for an explicit timetable on the withdrawal of Israeli troops, and elections on the West Bank and Gaza are met. In the matter of oil, the Saudis temporarily increased their production to compensate for the Iranian shortfall—to more than 10.4 million barrels a day—but Riyadh has informed the American oil companies that it expects average production for the year to remain at the 8.5 million-barrel ceiling set several years ago. Any oil in excess of that ceiling will be sold at a greatly inflated surcharge.

The hard truth is that, as a Trilateral Commission report warned last summer, "There is a feeling [within the Saudi Government] that domestic expenditures have increased too quickly, engendering waste and fueling strong inflationary pressures in that country." We can no longer assume that the Saudis will continue to produce oil at nearly three times the rate necessary to pay for their domestic needs (Saudi oil exports earned them nearly $45 billion in 1977, while only $15 billion was needed for imports of goods and services).

This will mean less oil for the United States and perhaps $1-a-gallon gasoline before the end of the year, as Senator Henry Jackson predicted. Further, with Iranian arms purchases cut off and the Saudis planning to buy less, the American trade deficit will increase, and the task of recycling petrodollars becomes all the more difficult. From 1974 through 1977, the United States bought $106 billion worth of goods and services from the OPEC countries, while the latter made investments and purchases of American goods and services worth more than $108 billion. Competition among the United States, Europe and Japan for stable oil supplies and a piece of the shrunken OPEC market will increase.

All this throws the basic assumptions of the Trilateralists into question. Shrouded alliances with "regional powers" such as the Saudis can no longer serve as a substitute for the hard policy decisions that must be made at home. A strong conservation program—including gas rationing—must form the keystone of any significant new energy policy. Such a policy need not necessarily continue to mean higher prices and profits for the multinational oil companies and greater sacrifices for the ordinary people. The balance of power in our so-called free enterprise system now weighs heavily in the oil companies' favor; it is up to the Government to right the balance, and apportion sacrifices equitably among all.

Talking Sense

In his *Life of Galileo*, Bertolt Brecht had his anti-hero declare, "Pity the land that needs heroes!" Are we to be pitied? We are surely not short of those who enjoin us to behave heroically. But they mean that we should risk nuclear suicide, or—less exaltedly—arrange for a few thousand revolutionaries somewhere to be tortured or assassinated. More prosaically, others tell us to lower our expectations. We are to consume less (particularly if already consuming little) and await nothing from our public services but further deterioration. In this atmosphere, inquiry into improving our common life strikes many as somehow not quite in good taste.

Senator Adlai Stevenson of Illinois said at a Washington breakfast the other day that he had alternatives to propose to the American people, and that if his ideas were favorably received, he might even run for the Democratic nomination for the Presidency. He earned a polite notice in *The New York Times* and a (shamefully) mocking one in *The Washington Post*. Each of our major dailies conveyed disbelief that anything in our national life can change, and doubt that anyone would bother to listen to the Senator.

Senator Stevenson, whose legislative record is that of an enlightened pursuer of a vanished public interest, will present his views in a series of speeches between now and April. He described the "dominant majority" of American political leaders as devoted to "standpattism and saber rattling." Their opponents, to his regret, were "a vocal minority, nominally Democratic," who wished to return to "the statism and welfarism of the 1960s." The Senator thinks other policies are possible, although he has as yet to say what these might be.

The Senator's analysis is somewhat limited. First, our leaders do not rattle sabers; they aim missiles. Second, "standpattism" is not an accurate description

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of economic and social policies intended to strengthen the corporate sector at the expense of every other interest and value in our country. As for a return to the "statism and welfarism" of the 1960s, it is difficult to see how anything can be accomplished in this nation without the use of Federal power. There are far worse things, meanwhile, under our heaven and on our earth than welfare. It is hard to know what, precisely, he means by "nominally Democratic." The 40 percent of the party which, at the midterm conference at Memphis, anticipated Stevenson's doubts about President Carter, certainly can claim to be in the party's tradition. Without the groups united by Douglas Fraser in the Progressive Alliance, the party will never be renewed. The Senator has managed to coexist, rather elegantly, with the somewhat aging Daley machine in his state (as did his father and Paul Douglas before him). The era of that kind of machine is, however, gone. We are all regulars now, and never more so than when we do irregular battle.

Senator Stevenson thinks that President Carter and the other candidates do not confront the global dimensions of our problems. This is the antithesis of the usual criticism, which depicts the White House as far more concerned with Teheran's bazaar than Newark's ghetto. Still, Stevenson five years ago dared to suggest that the solution to the oil shortage lay in the development of a public oil corporation—to a Senate generally cowed by the oil companies' lies and money. He criticized President Carter and others for concentrating on the acquisition of power rather than on its exercise. Obviously he has no plans to engage a Cadell or a Rafshoon. "I'm going to talk about ideas and see if there's a constituency out there. I'm going to see if an idea can still triumph, or even make a dent." Reminded that his father had once proposed to talk sense to the American people, the Senator observed that no one had tried it since.

That is far from true. Most of the new political ideas currently in circulation (in very limited editions) come from those whom the Senator describes as "nominally Democratic"—public interest groups, critical professionals, scientists and technologists, the movement for participatory democracy. The conservatives, by contrast, are simply flogging some old ideas—Edmund Burke, indeed, might not appreciate his endorsement by the Coalition for a Democratic Majority. Senator Stevenson has work before him. What sort of political alliances and social values does he favor? Which of our institutions would he change, and how? What would he have us do on the globe differently than the Trilateralists now in office?

The Senator wants to speak to "the people," but we lack a coherent sense of a public sphere. The Senator knows that a few speeches, no matter how intelligent, cannot repair our rent social fabric. That much said, he merits our thanks and respect, and more importantly, our attention. If he intends to develop a long-term program of an explicit kind, his aims do indeed take the measure of the moment. We need no heroes but we do need reflective leaders. In our landscape of pygmies the Senator begins to stand tall.

NORMAN BIRNBAUM

Norman Birnbaum is a member of The Nation's *editorial board, and a professor of sociology at Amherst College.*

Iran and Bhutto

When Zulfikar Ali Bhutto was still Prime Minister of Pakistan, one of his closest allies and financial supporters was the Shah Mohammed Riza Pahlevi. Ironically, now that Bhutto languishes in a death cell facing imminent execution, his fate may have been sealed by the Iranian revolution. There is good chance that while world opinion is absorbed with the spectacle of revolutionary justice in Teheran—where some of the Shah's top generals have been executed in recent days—Pakistan's Gen. Zia al-Haq will take the opportunity to remove Bhutto from the scene.

Such executions are reprehensible in themselves. And, as Ramsey Clark argued in these pages last summer (see "The Trial of Ali Bhutto and the Future of Pakistan," Aug. 19-26), Bhutto failed to receive a fair hearing in Pakistan's charged political atmosphere.

His conviction on charges of murdering the father of a political opponent rests solely on the testimony of the former chief of the country's federal security forces, Masood Mahmud, who was given prior clemency by the prosecution. Regardless of the merits of the case—and acknowledging Bhutto's own authoritarian record—his execution, if it occurs, can only be an act of political revenge on the part of a desperate military dictatorship. Bhutto's execution could only mask political issues so serious that they may someday tear the Pakistani union apart. In a diverse nation of Punjabis, Baluchis, Pathans and Sindhis, the Pakistani military has consistently intervened to support a central Government traditionally dominated by Punjabi landed interests. (The four Supreme Court justices who upheld the 4-to-3 death sentence against Bhutto were all from the Punjab.)

Democratic governments, which might have granted the other provinces a degree of autonomy, have been repressed by the military establishment. Today, the generals have placed behind bars several thousand political prisoners and have stationed thousands of occupying troops in each of the three recalcitrant provinces of Baluchistan, the Sindh and the North West Frontier Province. While Prime Minister, Bhutto himself gave the army free rein to wage a brutal campaign against Baluchi leftists demanding autonomy. Paradoxically, now that he awaits execution, Bhutto has become the focal point for popular demands for a return to democracy. At least in the case of Pakistan, we know the generals' brand of Islamic justice is only another facade for the repression of these democratic aspirations.

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FOLLOW-UP

The F.B.I.'s Field Files

As a result of articles in *The Nation* and several newspapers complaining about the destruction of F.B.I. field office files,* the National Archives and Records Service recently undertook a review of the rules and procedures governing the disposition of those records. That review—"Disposition of Federal Bureau of Investigation Field Office Investigative Files"—has just been completed, and its conclusions will be of interest to readers of *The Nation.*

The review examines three issues: whether the F.B.I. is following the schedule approved by the National Archives for the destruction of field office files; whether F.B.I. procedures call for field offices to submit a full account of their actions to F.B.I. headquarters; and whether field office files contain significant documentation that is not duplicated in headquarters files. In each of these areas, the study concluded, the current standards and criteria for record destruction are sound, the F.B.I. is applying them fairly and conscientiously, and thus the field office files "do not have sufficient historical or other research value to warrant permanent retention." Continued destruction, in short, is given a green light.

The National Archives study team determined the adequacy of the F.B.I.'s reporting requirements by examining F.B.I. manuals and headquarters inspection reports of field office reporting practices. F.B.I. headquarters "requires strict adherence" to the rules, they concluded, rules that "can only be described as the most comprehensive coverage of FBI field office requirements imaginable—nothing appears to have been left to chance." An examination of F.B.I. manuals, the study asserts, "clearly shows that administrative procedures and investigative practices applicable to field offices creates [*sic*] information that more than adequately documents cases forwarded to FBIHQ. . . ." Further, it is claimed, headquarters inspections of the field offices insure that the latter report information "in strict conformance with regulations. . . ." These field office reports, the study continues, "serve not only to document in detail the results of the investigation, but also demonstrate that it was conducted logically and thoroughly in accordance with investigative procedures."

These conclusions could be accepted more readily were it not for the historical record of past abuses that the F.B.I. is now so eager to destroy. Although paranoia is now becoming passé and in poor taste, it may be well to recall some of the dirty linen aired by the Church committee on intelligence activities before joining the National Archives in accepting the F.B.I.'s manuals, reports and inspections at face value. According to that committee's final report, F.B.I. inspections were part of the problem. Indeed, it states, "The Inspection Division became an active participant in some of the most questionable F.B.I. programs. For example, it was responsible for reviewing on an annual basis all memorandums relating to illegal break-ins prior to their destruction under the 'DO NOT FILE' procedure." Under this procedure, as Athan Theoharis writes in his new book, *Spying on Americans*, ". . . documents pertaining to 'sensitive,' 'illegal,' or 'embarrassing' activities were filed separately from other agency documents, and were not serialized; hence these documents could be [and were to be] destroyed without a retrievable record having ever been created of their existence."

As for F.B.I. manuals, at one time they explicitly stated that "Any investigation . . . regarding any allegation against Bureau employees must be instituted promptly, and every logical lead which will establish the true facts should be completely run out *unless such actions would embarrass the Bureau. . . .*" (Emphasis added.) When asked about this provision by the Church committee, Attorney General Edward Levi replied that he was informed the F.B.I. did not really mean it, that the provision dates back to 1955, and that the Bureau was taking immediate steps "to remove that phraseology" from the manuals.

Now it may be that the F.B.I. has experienced a spiritual rebirth, and its past sins have been cleansed by the purges of publicity, but until the proof of its conversion becomes more conclusive it would seem premature, if not downright gullible, to place undue weight on its own manuals, reports and inspections. To their credit, the National Archives study team did not rely on these items exclusively. They also examined seventy-six investigative files at field offices in Washington, New York and Chicago, of which seventy-two had headquarters counterparts. After comparing selected portions of field office and headquarters files, the study team concluded that enough "substantive" material was duplicated to justify the continued destruction of field office files. "Information . . . that proves of value to the outcome of the case," the report states, "appears to be consistently incorporated in summary form into an investigative report or other communication to headquarters."

As a historian who has had F.B.I. documents that I requested destroyed before they could be delivered and who has found significant material in field office files that was not duplicated in headquarters files released to me, I am troubled by this conclusion. The main problem, as I argued in these pages last June, concerns the overly narrow definition of what is "substantive." It may well be that the needs of a police agency can be met by saving only those documents—

* See Athan Theoharis: "Double-Entry Intelligence Files," Oct. 22, 1977; Rosenberg: "Catch in the Information Act," Feb. 4, 1978; Rosenberg: "The FBI Would Shred the Past," June 3, 1978.

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or rather, summaries of them—that are "of value to the outcome of the case," but that standard does not meet the needs of researchers. There are and will continue to be a number of scholars studying not only the subjects of investigations but the investigative practices and procedures themselves. For these scholars, what the National Archives study terms "the nonproductive aspects" of investigations—"the interviews of witnesses and sources, surveillance, searches of records, examinations of evidence, and other leads that ultimately prove of no value in bringing a case to a logical conclusion"—might well be of central importance, and this material is not forwarded to headquarters.

Moreover, many times there was literally no "case" at all, and the F.B.I.'s current procedures call for all material "pertaining to cases in which there was no prosecutive action taken" to remain in the field offices, where, as it happens, they qualify for destruction under approved guidelines. How many investigations of subversives, radicals, or "Rabble Rouser/Agitator(s)" (to pick one F.B.I. index heading) ever led to "prosecutive action"? Of course in the old days such records were regularly sent to headquarters, but, to slip for a moment back into a paranoid mood, is it fanciful to suppose that headquarters might now return to the field offices, to be destroyed, all records of cases where no "prosecutive action" was taken?

Finally, as I argued here last June (and it remains true), the amount of duplication between field office and headquarters files may become a moot question because of the F.B.I.'s pending request—now being considered by the Senate Judiciary Committee—to destroy most of the headquarters files themselves.

The National Archives might plausibly argue that it cannot save enough material to satisfy a potential biographer of every subject of an F.B.I. investigation, but that claim—even if granted—misses the point. Many researchers will remain interested in the pattern and practices of the investigations themselves. And it must be remembered, after all, that we are concerned here with material that documents one of the most important issues of 20th-century American history, an issue that the continued flow of freedom of information requests reveals to be of enduring interest. The criteria for retaining F.B.I. documents ought to be considerably more inclusive than those applied, say, to a boll weevil study group in the Agriculture Department. If the National Archives means to "serve as the nation's memory," as it claims in a brochure, then the Senate Judiciary Committee should see to it that we not forget as much as the F.B.I. and this supportive National Archives study recommend.

JOHN S. ROSENBERG

John Rosenberg is at work on a biography of Clifford Durr, who, as president of the National Lawyers Guild in 1949, called for an investigation of F.B.I. abuses.

ADS, ETHICS AND THE NATION

Mad Ave. Comes To West 4th St.

In our issue of January 27 we published a statement of *The Nation*'s advertising policy and asked readers to comment. This article—and one by Robert Sherrill on Mobil's Op-Ed page ads that appeared in the same issue—drew a wide range of comment from our readers, some of which we reprint below. *—The Editors*

New York City

The Nation's editorial on its advertising policy represents to my mind the best articulated statement on the matter it has been my good fortune to read in forty years of magazine experience. It is soundly conceived and beautifully stated.

Norman Cousins
Chairman, Editorial Board
Saturday Review

New York City

I think that *The Nation*'s ad explanation is understandable and fair. The implication is that the acceptance of advertising by a publication immediately puts into question the editorial integrity of that publication's news columns and editorial page and is an affront to the honesty of the news people and editorialists who work for those publications.

I think that Mr. Sherrill should stop looking under the bed.

Robert U. Brown
Publisher and Editor
Editor & Publisher

Walpole, N.H.

I take a strong position re *The Nation*'s advertising policy: Go ahead, sell to anybody, for anything; even, as Mr. Sherrill has it, "for dildos or French ticklers." What are these things? From the context one must assume that they are in some way an aid to hedonistic practices. Research in our village turned up nobody who could explain. This may be because when the leaves fall, all the hedonists leave for Mexico or Bermuda, etc., thus leaving me (the only subscriber to *The Nation*) exposed to a benign sort of Calvinism. But, here we have neither crime nor misdemeanors. We passed an ordinance and published it. The larger places should try this approach.

Sell to all, even Mobil, even advertise for the services of complacent females or the addresses of consenting adults, even for mink coats. Being in my 73rd year, I don't need such services or artifacts and don't read the advertisements. But make it expensive, thus to insure plenty of space for controlled indignation and all such. *Bob Kolvoord*

Dearborn, Mich.

I take issue with Robert Sherrill. He is billed as "White House correspondent." I take this to mean "reporter." Maybe I am wrong. He writes that *The Nation* is one great big editorial page. Granted. But editorials should be objec-

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tive even though espousing a point of view. If they contain emotional language, then they become propaganda. Sherrill's article about Mobil is sheer propaganda. His bias shows all over the place. Note his language: "old Princeton smoothie." "Subvert the middle and the left." "Guile and lollipops." "Cooking up." "Notorious propaganda blitz." "Maginot line." "Middle-to-lowbrow." "Cronies." "Filthy rich." "Shilled." "Smarmy." And on and on.

Then, after all the language, he concludes that it is unlikely that reasonably intelligent readers will not be able to see through Mobil's ads. *The Nation*'s own defense for taking on certain advertisements which may be anathema to its editorial policy is the same. Trust the reader. Any moderately rational reader knows there is no free lunch. Ads pay for publication. Read 'em and weep! So what else is new? But for Sherrill to overkill (and insult readers) with his article is unforgivable. I also think Sherrill's use of the term "soap opera" for some of the well-produced programs on public television is a cheap shot. All life is a soap opera, if it comes to that. Maybe Mobil isn't giving *enough*, but it's giving *something*, to the arts, and that is more than many industries are doing.

I hold no brief for corporations. They need education. Writers like Sherrill are going to make them feel the serpent's tooth. Isn't there another approach? Follow your own philosophy. *The New York Times* does! Trust the reader!

Mary McNair

HOLIER-THAN-THOU

Exeter, N.H.

As a bandage advertisement proclaimed a few years back, "It's a dirty world." And in a realm cursed with rapidly increasing costs for paper, printing and postage, advertising is necessary to help sustain magazines and newspapers. Now that *The Nation* is no longer "supported by a series of wealthy benefactors" (whose names and sources of income are unknown to me), the magazine should not be called upon to spurn advertising dollars in search of a mythical "tone."

I believe advertising copy should be required to meet the tests of fairness, design and honesty as you describe. And I would prefer—though I do not demand—that you follow the lead of *The New Yorker* and other courageous publications and reject ads for cigarettes; there is too much cancer as it is. But to adopt Robert Sherrill's holier-than-thou attitude and blanketly reject corporate political ads would seem to invite your magazine's withering away and eventual demise. The ghost of newsstands past carries racks of magazines that carried provocative articles but a paucity of advertisements: *Politicks*, *More*, *Ramparts*, *The Reporter* and others. . . .

As a reader, I would welcome two or three pages of ads from Mobil Oil or Allied Chemical if it meant an additional eight or ten pages of editorial content. . . . *The Nation*'s improved financial state would insure its continuing editorial independence. The "tone" of a magazine or newspaper is determined not so much by large ads as by the efforts of the individuals listed in the masthead. Better to accept corporate political advertising this week than to acquiesce in a conglomerate takeover next year.

Robert D. Spurrier

New York City

It seems to me that unless an advertisement is plainly dishonest or ugly, it should run. Ads of the Mobil kind are certainly all right; the idea that *The Times*, let alone *The Nation*, would refuse to run such advertising offends my sense of the rightness of things far more than any ad might. The debate about whether or not *The Nation* should accept such advertising is silly; why don't you wait until Mobil and the others come with orders in hand and then discuss the matter?

Mr. Sherrill seems to think that the readers of *The Times* need protection against Herbert Schmertz. It isn't so. Readers of *The Times* Op-Ed page, and certainly readers of *The Nation*, can take care of themselves. As long as Mobil's message is identified as an advertisement, no one's unsafe. . . .

If Mobil or anyone else is willing to pay good money to tell your readers what's what, accept. The word advertisement guarantees that 70 percent of what they say won't be believed; the Mobil signature will take care of almost anything else; and if there are any believers still around, the message itself will turn them off.

Relax and survive.

Frederic Papert, President
42nd Street Redevelopment Corporation

MOBIL'S RIGHT

Garden City, N.Y.

Like it or not, corporations such as Mobil have a right to express their own view of things, in their own words, in the popular press and elsewhere, and space should either be granted or sold to allow them to do so. One of the mistakes the media have made over the years—and which made them vulnerable to the attacks by Nixon-Agnew—was to ignore, you could almost say suppress, the corporate-conservative view of life. There were no Buckleys or Safires in network television, and still aren't for that matter, and none in the columns of *The New York Times* and other major outlets until the Op-Ed pages began to bloom. The liberals, in fact, had done the very thing that they would have deplored had the conservatives been able to do it—insured that mainly their side of things received wide circulation. There was no conspiracy in this, it just evolved; but in effect, they were saying, "We are right and they are wrong and therefore they need not be heard from"—an untenable position in view of the liberals' own record of running things and, more important, an unrealistic position given the wide conservative streak in the American character.

This one-sidedness was unhealthy and in the end divisive and dangerous. I think we are currently paying the price for it. Nixon launched his counterattack almost a decade ago with the first Agnew speech, and the press is still feeling the effects. It changed the climate because the existing climate did not accurately reflect the reality. The courts are continuing that attack and are doing it with a vengeance.

The bottom line in Sherrill's article is that he would revert to a policy that helped get the media into its present difficulties in the first place. I don't think that's wise. You had best let those people, whether under the name of Mobil or whatever, have their say and let the marketplace decide who is right. Defeat them with the power of your own ideas, not by refusing them space to express their own.

Thomas Collins
Newsday Media Writer

New York City

A philosophy of advertising can easily turn into a no-win game. If you adhere too strongly to absolute principles and

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find too many ads repugnant, you can endanger the survival of the magazine; but accepting too many repugnant ads can pollute *The Nation*'s moral tone, and erode its legitimacy. The large news media solve the paradox, at least for themselves, by a normally well-policed separation of editorial and advertising departments, but journals of opinion may not have this option.

I agree almost completely with *The Nation*'s ad policy because I believe that an economically secure *Nation* (and one which can pay reporters to cover the stories missed or ignored by the big news media) is more important than any single principle or issue. Moreover, a published ad is not necessarily an effective ad; many people do not read ads, and many ad readers ignore or reject the ads' messages.

I have a few supplementary suggestions for *The Nation*'s ad policy. The editors should let the readers know from time to time what ads they have turned down, and why. They should also publish more articles about dubious advertising, taking the lead from Sherrill's excellent piece about Mobil, as well as articles that inform the readers about morally and politically good (and bad) corporations. Are there good oil companies, appliance manufacturers, cereal producers, etc., that liberals can patronize; if not, which are the least evil? How about an annual guide that we can keep near our shopping lists? *Herbert J. Gans*

Los Angeles

Your protestations against the certainty of accusations—that once you begin accepting advertisements, your policies are bound to change—sound like a boy whistling in the dark, fingers crossed, and feeling for his rabbit's foot. Maybe in the beginning you'll still obey the impulse to charge the enemy. Just from habit, formed for more than a century. And of course the transubstantiation will hardly be perceptive, at first. But as surely as night follows day, you will have transformed. You won't be able to help yourselves. It's in the very nature of the beast. Clone kin to the old maxim that power corrupts: absolute power corrupts absolutely. Anyway it should be fun to watch as you grapple against the temptations of sin. *Milton Thor*

CBS POLICY

New York City

I found the Sherrill piece on Mobil to be quite interesting. I would note only that Sherrill says that we turned down some Mobil advertising because we feared that we "would have to supply equal time to opponents of offshore drilling." Not so. Equal time, of course, applies only to certain political candidate broadcasts. More important, as a matter of policy, CBS attempts to limit commercial time to the sale of goods and services, and we do not sell time for the discussion of controversial issues of public importance. Indeed, in the next paragraph Sherrill refers to a United States Supreme Court decision of 1973 upholding our position. That decision, by the way, came in a celebrated case, *CBS v. Democratic National Committee.*

Gene F. Jankowski, President
CBS/Broadcast Group

NO OP-ED ADS

Los Angeles

An article in *The Nation* said that the *Los Angeles Times* publishes the Mobil Oil Corporation's regular political advertisments on its Op-Ed page.

The *Times* in fact has never published Mobil's ad on its Op-Ed page; the Op-Ed page is free of advertisements; when it runs, the Mobil ad appears in the first section of the paper with the other advertisements. *Anthony Day*
Editor of the Editorial Page
Los Angeles Times

Sherrill replies

I got my list of Op-Ed page users from none other than Herbert Schmertz, the Mobil P.R. guru. If he was wrong, it just goes to show what I was talking about.

Washington

I admired Sherrill's piece on Sir Barely Mobile. I admire almost everything he writes. For the record, though, I've got to tell you that no ads appear on the editorial pages of *The Washington Post*. Neither the editorial page, nor the Op-Ed page. I got the ads thrown off the Op-Ed page more than ten years ago. *Benjamin C. Bradlee*
Executive Editor
The Washington Post

Sherrill replies

I hope I didn't do *The Post* wrong. I don't think I did. I said *The Post* carries the Mobil ads "in the Sunday Outlook section, which usually runs eight pages." And so it does. The Outlook section is made up entirely of editorials, columns and essays. The heading on the section is, as I recall, "Columnists, Editorials." It is one big editorial section, one big opinion section—just the sort of soil the clever fellows at Mobil are willing to pay premium prices to cultivate. The only ads I have noticed inside the Outlook section have been the "opinion" ads such as Mobil and Allied Chemical run in the lower right-hand corner of *The New York Times*'s Op-Ed page. So I do think *The Post*'s cranium space is being improperly exploited, though perhaps not so dramatically as *The Times*'s, and Mr. Bradlee certainly deserves three or four cheers for having at least removed the garbage from his Op-Ed page.

New York City

You must know that we do the Mobil product advertising. You may know that we resigned from our cigarette accounts (both here and abroad) about fifteen years ago, after the Surgeon General's first report on smoking.

I mention these two facts so that: (*1*) You are better equipped to evaluate the objectivity of any remarks I make on Mobil; and (*2*) that you understand that I am not certain I could have taken such a moral stand on cigarette accounts if I could not have afforded it.

Let me get Sherrill's story out of the way quickly. I found it less than convincing. He resorts too much to verbal symbols that tend to keep you from thinking: "Princeton smoothies, corporate flack . . . cutesy-pie fable, smarmy philosophy, booby-trap paragraph, filthy rich." I am not well versed in the economics and politics of the oil industry. I do know someting about the use of words that condemn with cheap shots. It is disappointing to see this technique used by a serious writer of Sherrill's stature.

A point-by-point discussion of Sherrill's accusations would be useless. I don't know enough to judge his accuracy. But he should take comfort from the fact that all surveys show that readers come to an ad with great suspicion

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and disbelief. They come to reporting, on the other hand, as though it were gospel. It seems to me that the burden therefore is on the press, for they are in the position to do the greater damage. The fact is that people tend to see in advertising a lie where there may be the truth. In reporting they tend to see the truth where there may be a lie.

This is a subject which needs much airing and to which I hope you will devote some space in the coming issues. We are all driven, most of all, by our instinct to survive and I guess that this is the way it has to be or our species would have been wiped out a long time ago. But who keeps the press from rationalizing this instinct into seeming logic so they may be more comfortable in their drive toward survival? It is my belief the world is going to turn on public opinion. That opinion is shaped largely by media that the public believes. Opinion winds up in events. Events have a life of their own that go their inexorable way trampling everything in their path, while we stand by helpless.

What a terrible responsibility the shapers of opinion have. For they are the makers of merciless events.

Mr. Rawleigh Warner is not a "smoothie." It's true he is a Princeton man. But when you put "Princeton" and "smoothie" together you are engaging in a most irresponsible and destructive kind of propaganda that is not worthy of your columns. Why must good manners and courtesy and considerateness in a man make him a smoothie? It is sad that such qualities are immediately suspect. It doesn't say much for our times or for the man who degrades them for his own purposes.

My reputation is not that of an advertising man who bows before his clients. As a matter of fact that reputation may have cost me much business. Yet I consider Mr. Warner a dear friend. I am sure that he and I don't agree on everything. But I learned a long time ago that I can admire a man for his character as a human being even though we hold different political and social beliefs. By the same token I have despised some men whose social beliefs were similar to mine. I wonder, in the long run, which is more beneficial to the world, the character of men or their philosophies.

As for *your* advertising problem, you must consult your own conscience. I don't quite understand why you would reject ads "that are lurid or typographically ugly" that can only do aesthetic damage and accept ads "that are blatantly misleading or purvey harmful products" and are therefore capable of doing physical damage. This, it seems to me, is a lovely, sanctimonious example of the self-deluding rationalization process the mind uses to make the stay-alive instinct respectable. Rarely have I seen this process in purer form than in your words, "We assume that our readers will have sufficient knowledge to judge for themselves the merits of commonly known products such as cigarettes."

For God's sake tell it as it is. If we don't have advertising we will die. If we die we can't get our thoughts to our audience. We will take advertising that keeps us alive. We will not take advertising that can destroy us.

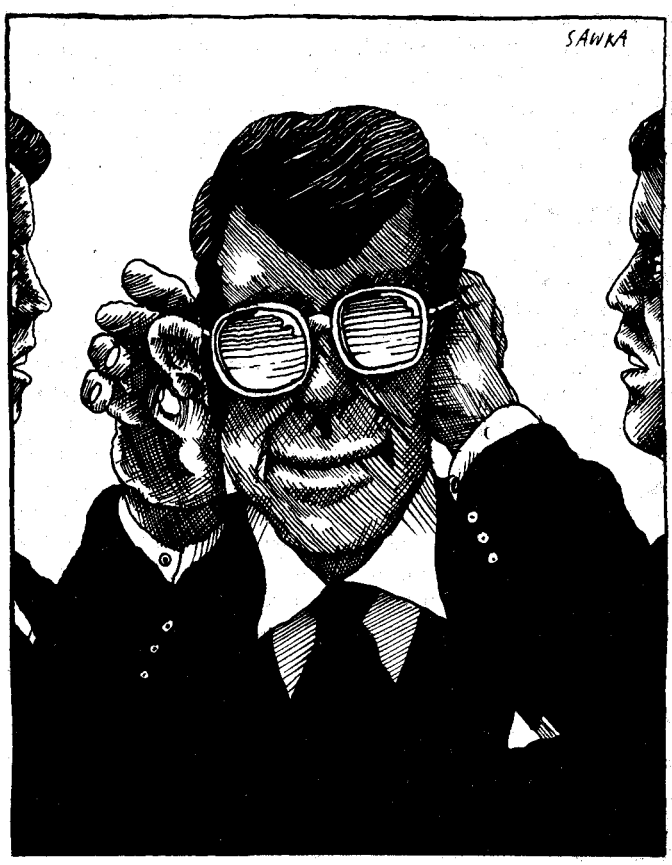
William Bernbach
President
Doyle Dane Bernbach Inc.

ARTICLES.

SELECTIVE POPULISM

The Polls Say: Price Control

ROBERT LEKACHMAN



DRAWINGS BY JAN SAWKA

The *vox populi* is emitting a lot of squawks these days, but so far the politicians have filtered out only one message. You know how it goes: taxes are too high. The bureaucrats spend them frivolously, inefficiently, corruptly—or all three. After Proposition 13, the target is the Federal budget. As *Newsweek* retails this fashionable story in rich, creamy prose: "Rippling from state to state like the first rivulets of a spring thaw, the campaign to force Washington to balance the Federal budget is fast becoming a political gully washer." Jerry Brown, that intrepid Zen populist, has staked his political future on a balanced budget amendment to the Federal Constitution. Twenty-six states, a mere eight short of the necessary thirty-four, have passed resolutions calling for a constitutional convention to enact a ban on deficit spending.

Ironically, the popular gully washer has left some fiscal conservatives high and dry. After declaring that "I sympathize with the goal," Alan Greenspan quickly added that "I must conclude that balancing a budget, year in, year out . . . is technically infeasible." After all, a clutch of New York City mayors and comptrollers managed each year to present a bal-

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Welcome Note

The Nation is pleased to announce that Robert Lekachman has accepted an appointment to our Editorial Board. One of a handful of academic economists who can write about his arcane subject in not merely lucid but lively prose (see accompanying article), Lekachman is the author of several books and numerous articles.

anced budget (as the state Constitution required) and simultaneously accumulate a municipal debt in excess of $14 billion. Stranger than fiction, Howard Jarvis is quarreling with Governor Brown and other converts to the true church of Proposition 13. Harken to the Imam of the Golden West: "It would put the Constitution back on the drawing board, where every radical crackpot or special-interest group would have the chance to write the supreme law of the land." On the behavior of special interests, few Americans are better qualified to speak than Jarvis.

Overlooked in all the budget furor is another irony: The populist fervor of the politicians, their eagerness to respond to the will of the people, is strangely selective. Richard Strout, a.k.a. TRB, *The New Republic*'s last resident liberal, reminded his readers that for half a century every public opinion poll has registered a majority in favor of handgun control. Between 1967 and 1973, five national committees endorsed the notion. No gun control. What happened to populism?

Or ponder another object of public concern, inflation. According to Gallup, three consecutive samplings of public opinion between April and October last year recorded increasing majorities in favor of mandatory price controls. Should we be surprised by this message? Inflation is hitting people where they live. The monthly price index of food, energy, health care and housing, compiled by Gar Alperovitz's National Center for Economic Alternatives, shows that these necessities, which make up more than 70 percent of typical family budgets, have been experiencing double-digit inflation for more than a year, in higher numerical jumps than the galloping Consumer Price Index.

At the start of 1978, Administration economists predicted average inflation of 6 percent for the year. The actual number was 9 percent. Finally, on October 24, 1978, the President acted. In announcing "voluntary" wage and price guideposts, Mr. Carter implored his constituents not to deride them. In truth, temptation to wholesome laughter was substantial. The items subject even to wistful price control amounted to substantially less than half of normal family budgets. As the unions had predicted, the wage guidepost was a more serious matter. Union contracts are spotlighted by the media. Strikes penalize union members and infuriate the public. With their usual public-spiritedness, major corporations cooperate enthusiastically with Alfred Kahn, Barry Bosworth and their subordinates in the Council on Wages and Prices. The price guidepost is sufficiently complex, and the loopholes sufficiently numerous, so that it is exceedingly hard to know when a major corporation actually is restraining itself.

The guideposts are likely to be effective only in collaboration with restrictive fiscal and monetary policy. Carter's "lean" and "austere" budget and Federal Reserve pressure upon the supply of money in its current form will precipitate recession by the end of 1979. Yet all parties agree that mild and brief recessions have little anti-inflationary effect. Even the sharp mini-depression of 1974-5 only slightly moderated inflationary pressures.

Can nothing be done? The public has said what it wants—to Mr. Gallup anyway. The unions are also on record for comprehensive controls over all forms of income: rent, dividends and interest, as well as wages and salaries.

It appears that ordinary citizens, whose minds are unclouded by graduate training in economics and undamaged by Mobil paeans of praise to the ineffable virtues of "free" markets, are quite intelligently aware that our economy is dominated by large and hungry business fauna. Without the cooperation of the major oil companies, OPEC's cartel could not flourish. The American health industry is a mutual protection racket for doctors, health insurers, hospitals, pharmaceutical suppliers and their political protectors and beneficiaries. The margins set by food processors have greater impact on supermarket prices than do fluctuating wheat, corn and soybean prices.

The public, alarmed by potential unemployment and recession, as well as by existing inflation, prefers to check the second without enduring the first. Mandatory controls, imposed upon the huge corporations which set prices in a long list of industries, are bureaucratically feasible. *Fortune*'s list of 500 Goliaths is an excellent place for the controllers to start. Statutory controls substitute public price determination for private price determination. In neither case does a free market exist. Under mandatory controls, there is a fighting chance that the public interest will be attended to.

Then why aren't our legislators jostling one another to gain credit for pushing through mandatory controls? I fear the question answers itself. Budget cuts afflict the poor and black who seldom vote. Tax cuts reward the affluent who finance campaigns. Voluntary controls limit union power far more than corporate discretion. By contrast, mandatory controls inescapably open to public discussion painful issues of equity. Even the Nixon controllers were compelled to regulate profit margins and make noises about excessive dividends.

I shall take seriously the excuses of "liberal" mem-

Robert Lekachman is Distinguished Professor of Economics, Lehman College, City University of New York. His latest book is Economists at Bay *(McGraw-Hill).*

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bers of Congress who vote to reduce jobs, Social Security, and urban programs when these same responsive souls join the public and the A.F.L.-C.I.O. in support of mandatory controls. □

REVOLT IN THE RANKS

Breaking the Wage Barrier In Britan

BERNARD D. NOSSITER

London

"Look, mate—they told us if we held back, there'd be no inflation. But my missis tells me the prices are still going up in the shops," said a striking truck driver in Hull last month, stamping his feet in the snow.

He and about 50,000 of his mates, defying pleas from Prime Minister James Callaghan, business, an outraged press, and some of their own leaders, stayed out until they got what they wanted—a whopping 21 percent increase in their base pay plus fringe benefits that brought the total near to 24 percent. The truckers refused to believe that their demands for a pay increase would affect prices in the shops.

"Don't look at the percent," another picketing driver pleaded. "Look at the money." Before their walkout, the drivers grossed about $150 a week, with overtime and bonuses. Now they can expect almost $180—assuming that Britain defies Common Market regulations limiting truckers' work hours.

The workers' gnawing sense of betrayal, their belief that they had curbed their pay demands in exchange for a pledge to end inflation that turned out to be worthless, was at the root of Britain's long, cold winter of labor unrest. The wage restraints had been clamped on three years ago, after inflation here had risen to levels far greater than the rest of the industrial world, largely because a Tory Finance Minister had fueled a real estate boom with enormous increases in the money supply in 1972 and 1973. Pay curbs, worked out by the Labor Government and the unions, brought inflation down from a frightening peak of 30 percent to 8 percent.

Last summer and fall, Callaghan pleaded for one more year of the 5 percent limit on pay raises. But the rank and file balked, and their leaders did not dare countermand the membership. The lowered inflation rate little impressed the lorry drivers and other workers; all they knew was that prices were still going up.

The pro-strike fervor clearly boiled up from the workers. A lot of nonsense has been written on both sides of the Atlantic about "Red" union bosses leading workers to the barricades. Jack Jones, the recently retired chief of truckers, was routinely described as one of "the Terrible Twins" (the other was Hugh Scanlon of the machinists) and "the most powerful man in Britain." But Jones was the chief architect of pay restraint and after his plea for another year of control was voted down by his own union, the myth of union leader as villain was deflated. Now, the press has found a new devil, "the militant shop steward."

Journalists here are predominantly middle class and simply cannot conceive of workers as human beings, with minds of their own. Taki, a columnist in *The Spectator*, called the strikers "sullen, unkempt, bullying men." He was talking about poorly paid manual workers in hospitals. Peter Jenkins, colum-

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nist in the liberal *Guardian* and Britain's "Journalist of the Year," dismissed the strikes as a "peasant revolt." A television camera crew followed me around while I was covering the situation in Hull for *The Washington Post*. Viewers wrote and phoned to say they were astonished to see me talk to strikers in the same tone with which I interviewed businessmen. They were even more surprised to see that this not very original American approach elicited plausible responses. British interviewers, typically from good schools, rarely do things this way.

The image of "militant" shop stewards leading ignorant workers by the nose was also strongly refuted by the facts. In Hull, the shrewd regional secretary for the truckers wanted to drive a wedge between the employers by allowing companies that would settle on the workers' terms to move freight. The ranks voted him down, insisting if "one is out, all are out." More recently, at British Leyland, the nationalized auto company, shop stewards called for an immediate strike when management withheld a $20 bonus payment on the ground that it had not been earned by a promised increase in productivity. The ranks, however, voted two to one against the shop stewards and the strike was averted.

Biased reporting has obscured both the causes and likely outcome of the strike wave. The truckers' walkout was supposed to "paralyze" the economy, throw two million out on the streets, bring "chaos." Like most strikes, it will barely register on the economic indicators. The employers admitted that at the strike's peak, perhaps 250,000 people lost a few days' work.

The most emotional coverage centered on the low-paid, blue-collar workers in schools, hospitals, parks and swimming pools. Headlines accused them of leaving the sick and dying helpless, abandoning the injured, threatening schoolchildren and much more. Actually, these strikers worked out deals at each facility to insure that vital supplies and services were maintained, as did the truckers. About one school in twenty closed because a local administrator declined to keep going without janitors or kitchen help; garbage piled up in the streets—until private cartage firms hauled it away. These workers gross about $90 a week and are seeking another $30. They are likely to settle for an additional $15—a gain of 16 percent.

The strikes will indeed have an economic impact on prices, but they have been little more than an inconvenience in the daily life of most citizens. The revolt of the ranks will probably boost Britain's annual inflation rate to 10 to 15 percent. Most of the pay increases will vanish into the cash registers of supermarkets, the hands of auto dealers and other sellers of consumer goods. It is conceivable that this would touch off new demands to catch up, followed by a new and worsening inflationary spiral—but it is unlikely.

Instead, visible evidence of what they have wrought is likely to induce second thoughts and a new mood of restraint among labor. Already, twelve leaders of national unions have called for institutionalized restraint in the form of an "indicative norm," an annual guideline on pay demands produced by tripartite talks among business, labor and Government. This could come about within the year.

By then chances are strong that the Government will be headed by Margaret Thatcher, a Tory. But this makes far less difference than political writers suggest. In office, Conservatives are no more rigid free enterprisers than Labor in office is socialist. Mrs. Thatcher has frequently expressed her admiration for the German economy. Its wage program is guided in much the same way as that proposed by the twelve union leaders.

The British experience is not all that remote from the United States'. In a world of large corporations with the power to administer prices and large unions with the power to establish wages, "free" price setting and "free" collective bargaining are anachronisms. This winter's strike wave is likely to be seen as a milestone in the education of the British worker. □

RUSSIA'S VIETNAM?

The Unknown War in Eritrea

DAN CONNELL

The Eritrean independence movement's tenacious struggle against Ethiopia, now in its eighteenth year, is the longest—and by far the fiercest—armed conflict in the history of sub-Saharan Africa. In scale and sophistication, with battles of near World War II proportions, the conflict dwarfs anything yet seen in southern Africa, and easily surpasses last year's war between Somalia and Ethiopia, which was front-page news. Yet even though the 3.5 million Eritreans who give popular support to the war are threatened with destruction as a people, the story rarely appears in the press.

Why? For one thing, the difficulties of reaching the front are immense. It is a politically complex war, one that does not easily fit into the conventional cold-war, East-West journalistic molds. The Soviet Union has heavily committed men and materiel to the war on the Ethiopian side, but Eritrea is not begging for Western aid. Nor does it have rich natural resources, apart from a 600-mile coastline along the Red Sea. As a State Department official put it to me, Eritrea is of "negative strategic interest" to the United States. Not unpredictably, Western journalists echo the negative

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interest of their Governments. The Eritreans, as John Pilger noted recently in Britain's *New Statesman*, are "expendable."

Expendable or not, they fight on with intensifying fury. The two loosely allied movements of nationalist Eritrean guerrillas, the Eritrean People's Liberation Front and the Eritrean Liberation Front, who are battling Ethiopia's "Socialist" military Government, sustained serious military setbacks in the big Ethiopian offensive that ended last December. Many Western commentators now echo Soviet and Ethiopian propagandists in declaring the long and bitter war all but over. Jerry Ross, in *The Washington Post*, for example, pronounced it a low-level guerrilla war awaiting the last mopping-up operations. But a visit behind the Eritrean lines, such as I made recently, suggests that this is far from the case.

The Ethiopians did reoccupy all the major towns and cities in the Pennsylvania-sized territory claimed by the Eritreans, but the nationalist forces have shifted their tactics from conventional siege and assault warfare to surprise raids on the elongated Ethiopian supply lines and their scattered small garrisons.

With increasingly numerous Soviet forces aiding Ethiopia's ruling military council, the Dergue, the immediate outlook is for a continuing stalemate, reminiscent of the Vietnam War in the late 1960s. Surprisingly, the Soviet Union has apparently decided to commit itself to a long war. What is more surprising, though, is that the Eritrean revolutionaries stubbornly continue to spurn numerous offers of help from anti-Soviet countries. They cling to their deep-rooted anti-imperialist identity, and vow that they will fight on without aid if necessary.

Five visits to Eritrea over the past three years, including a month-long tour of E.P.L.F.-controlled areas that coincided with the latest round of fighting, persuaded me that Eritrea's predictions of an eventual, though costly, victory are justified. The United States and conservative Arab countries in the region have long feared the emergence of an independent Marxist-oriented Eritrea. The domination of the divided Eritrean movement by the leftist People's Liberation Front has done little to lessen these fears.

E.P.L.F. leaders have repeatedly sworn that they will not compromise with right-wing forces anxious to gain influenee in Eritrea. They are determined to wage a revolution through protracted people's war.

At the same time, their continuing refusal to compromise with either the Soviet Union or the Dergue on the question of Eritrea's right to full self-determination, as well as on other key political questions, has led many Eastern bloc countries to turn against them, after earlier declarations of support. While the E.P.L.F. has loudly condemned Soviet actions in support of the Dergue in Eritrea, it has stopped short of a blanket denunciation of "hegemonism," a nicety that appears to have cost it China's support as well.

Thus isolated in the international arena, the Eritreans are forced to depend upon their own ingenuity and their internal resources to continue to prosecute the war. But this is nothing new.

One of the first African peoples to fall under foreign domination, the Eritreans were partially subjugated by the Ottoman Turks in the mid-1500s and fully colonized by the Italians in 1890.

After Italy's defeat in World War II, Eritrea became quasi-independent. For ten years it languished under British "protection," until the fledgling United Nations began dividing up the spoils of war among the victorious allies, a category into which Ethiopia fell. The United States lobbied heavily to reward Haile Selassie's feudal empire with the prize of access to the Red Sea via Eritrea. The main opposition to this gift was raised by the Soviet Union which, ironically, argued that Eritrea should be given full independence.

United States pressure carried the debate, and in 1952, the two states were federated. A decade later, Ethiopia annexed Eritrea and the war was on.

During the next fifteen years, Eritrean guerrillas severely eroded Ethiopia's control over their territory. The Ethiopians fought back with Vietnam-style "strategic hamlets" programs, indiscriminate rural bombing and urban repression. In exchange for military bases in Eritrea, they were backed by the United States and Israel.

Although the independence movement generated widespread popular support and was aided at times by Cuba, Algeria and China, it was rent by political divisions. The war foundered until 1974, when, after a military coup in Ethiopia whose immediate result was an all-out effort to crush the guerrilla struggle, the two Eritrean liberation fronts patched together a temporary alliance.

Over the next three years, the Eritreans defeated three successive Ethiopian counter-offensives and gained control of the entire 42,000 square miles of countryside and all but five towns and cities. In the aftermath of Vietnam, the United States was reluctant to be drawn into a bigger war, and so by the middle of 1977 it looked like an Eritrean victory was at hand.

Today, the tables have turned. The United States and Israel no longer provide Ethiopia with military assistance, though they still maintain important economic ties. And the Soviet Union and Cuba, of course, are in with both feet. Eritrean leaders charge that Soviet combat personnel played a key role in the planning and fighting of Ethiopia's current eight-month offensive, but it appears that Cuba held back from direct involvement. This drive pitted more than 150,000 Ethiopian troops and massive quantities of Soviet-supplied armor, rockets, artillery and aircraft against the lightly armed guerrillas. Two Soviet generals commanded the overall operation while lower-echelon officers took charge of front-line units down to the battalion level. The result was a dramatic improvement in tactical execution and a marked

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increase in heavy-weapons effectiveness. Ethiopia achieved its first victories in Eritrea in years and substantially altered the character of the war.

The Ethiopian offensive was only partially successful. Although the invading forces took the large towns, they failed to reach the three smaller northern towns of Afabet, Nakfa and Karora or to penetrate the E.P.L.F.'s guerrilla base area in this region. This will be the objective of the next phase of the offensive, for which Ethiopia has remobilized, and which is now in progress.

More importantly, from the perspective of the war as political struggle, Addis Ababa has utterly failed to win the support of the Eritrean people. The approach of Ethiopian forces triggered a mass civilian exodus from the large towns to the countryside, which remains almost entirely under guerrilla control. No town was actually taken by military force. Instead, the guerrillas fought holding actions outside the towns until civilians were fully evacuated, then pulled back in good order and regrouped at a new base area. The Eritrean base is located in the arid Sahel mountains, bordered on the east by the Red Sea and on the north by Sudan, and defended on the west and south by entrenched brigade-size units.

Mechanized supply lines remain fully operative in Eritrean territory. I could see food, medicines, ammunition and infantry reinforcements shuttling back and forth nightly from one battlefront to another. Heavy machinery and equipment removed from the urban centers and heavy arms taken in the fighting were being trucked to the rear.

In the three weeks of major fighting while I was there, the Eritreans captured more than twenty-five Soviet-made T-54 tanks and BTR-60 armored cars, to bring their complement of armored vehicles to more than eighty. This gives them a better equipped armed force than most established African states.

A punishing bombardment by long-range artillery, Stalin organ rockets and MIG jet aircraft—operated at least in part by Soviet experts—using napalm and cluster antipersonnel bombs, inflicted severe casualties, but the civilian evacuations also brought in thousands of fresh volunteers. Their number appeared sufficient to maintain the Eritrean infantry's strength at 25,000 to 30,000 men and women.

Still, the E.P.L.F. clearly lacks the strength to defeat the Ethiopian Army in open battle. It has no outside sources of arms and no effective defense against the enemy's superior artillery, rockets and aircraft. Nor does it have sufficient ground forces to match Ethiopia's. In the latest round of fighting, the Ethiopians were able to fight on three simultaneous battlefronts. As a result, the E.P.L.F. has reverted to its earlier guerrilla tactics. Brigade-size units have been broken down into companies and battalions that are being deployed in loosely defined tactical zones throughout the Eritrean countryside.

This reorganization has its price, though. It will weaken the Eritrean defenses around their shrunken northern base area, which is vulnerable not only from Ethiopia's newly gained positions in the interior but also along the 180-mile stretch of coastline to the east. Eritrean leaders say they will stand and fight here, but it seems likely that the next round of fighting will bring further retreats from the towns of Afabet and Nakfa.

Regardless of the outcome, however, the dispersal of the guerrilla forces elsewhere in Eritrea is spreading the fighting over a wider area. This strategy will restore the initiative to the guerrillas, who will have the advantages of popular support and the ability to choose the time and place of battle. A long and drawn-out test of will between the two sides will ensue.

The changed strategic situation has also given a new impetus to talks between the Eritrean People's Liberation Front and the rival Eritrean Liberation Front now being held in Khartoum, Sudan, with the objective of re-establishing military coordination between the two. When this coordination broke down last spring, Ethiopia exploited the division by concentrating its strength against one front at a time. The 8,000-member E.L.F. was hurt badly in the opening phase, and lost all the towns it had held, as well as part of its base area.

Sudan and other Arab countries are pressing the Eritreans to consolidate their forces under a single umbrella leadership that would also include a tiny Arab nationalist splinter group headed by Osman Saleh Sabbe. (Sabbe had originally led the E.P.L.F.'s foreign mission, but he was ousted from the movement in 1976.) E.P.L.F. leaders insist that they are unwilling to trade their independent Marxist orientation for assistance from the pro-Western Arab states currently supporting Sabbe's group, and they have called for it to disband and its members to join the other fronts as individuals.

The E.P.L.F. and E.L.F. leaders have announced in Khartoum that a new agreement has been signed to establish a joint military command with mixed battle units and a single base area. Sabbe's group was again roundly condemned and excluded from the compact.

The E.P.L.F.'s main diplomatic efforts are now directed at winning political support from third-world countries and movements. This it hopes will pressure the Soviet Union and Cuba to limit their role on the Ethiopian side. Recent reports indicate that Cuban military personnel are now withdrawing from Eritrea, leaving hundreds of Russian experts in sole command of the current Ethiopean campaign. Third-world support would also make it possible to raise the Eritrean issue at the United Nations, which holds the legal responsibility for the initial link between Eritrea and Ethiopia.

In this respect, the conference of liberation movements held in Baghdad this January was a key breakthrough for the Eritreans. Among the participants were the Popular Front for the Liberation of Oman, all the major Palestinian organizations and a number of smaller movements from the area.

Defying Soviet pressure, the conference condemned

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Ethiopia's insistence on a military solution in Eritrea. "We call on all progressive peoples and governments to seek a peaceful solution on the basis of the Eritrean people's right to self-determination," concluded the unanimous resolution.

The failure of the Soviet Union to win united support among third-world nations for a military solution in Eritrea does not bode well for its foreign-policy aim of dominating the countries and revolutionary movements that it aids. Eritrea's ideologically adroit policy of extending a hand to the nonaligned countries while rejecting aid from anti-Soviet nations makes it odd-man-out in traditional East-West power politics. Its success at the game could prove costly to the Russians.

The Eritrean war confounds the pundits and policy makers alike. In 1974, it was a principal cause of the collapse of the Haile Selassie regime, and today it threatens Ethiopia's ruling military Dergue which, despite a concerted "Red terror" campaign to liquidate its opposition, remains inherently unstable.

The E.P.L.F.'s successful practical application of Marxist principles in carrying out land reform and organizing the civilian population places both the Dergue and the Soviet Union on the political defensive and encourages the development of other leftist opposition inside Ethiopia. The steady rise of the Tigrai People's Liberation Front in the neighboring province of Tigrai is but one of many examples.

An Oromo Liberation Front is also developing in southern Ethiopia. A left-wing movement known as the Afar National Liberation Movement is gaining supporters in the volatile east. And elements of the almost defunct Ethiopian People's Revolutionary Party and the discredited Meison Party are reportedly coming together to form an all-Ethiopia Popular Revolutionary Movement whose social program and military strategy are similar in many respects to those of the E.P.L.F., though they aim for a united Ethiopia.

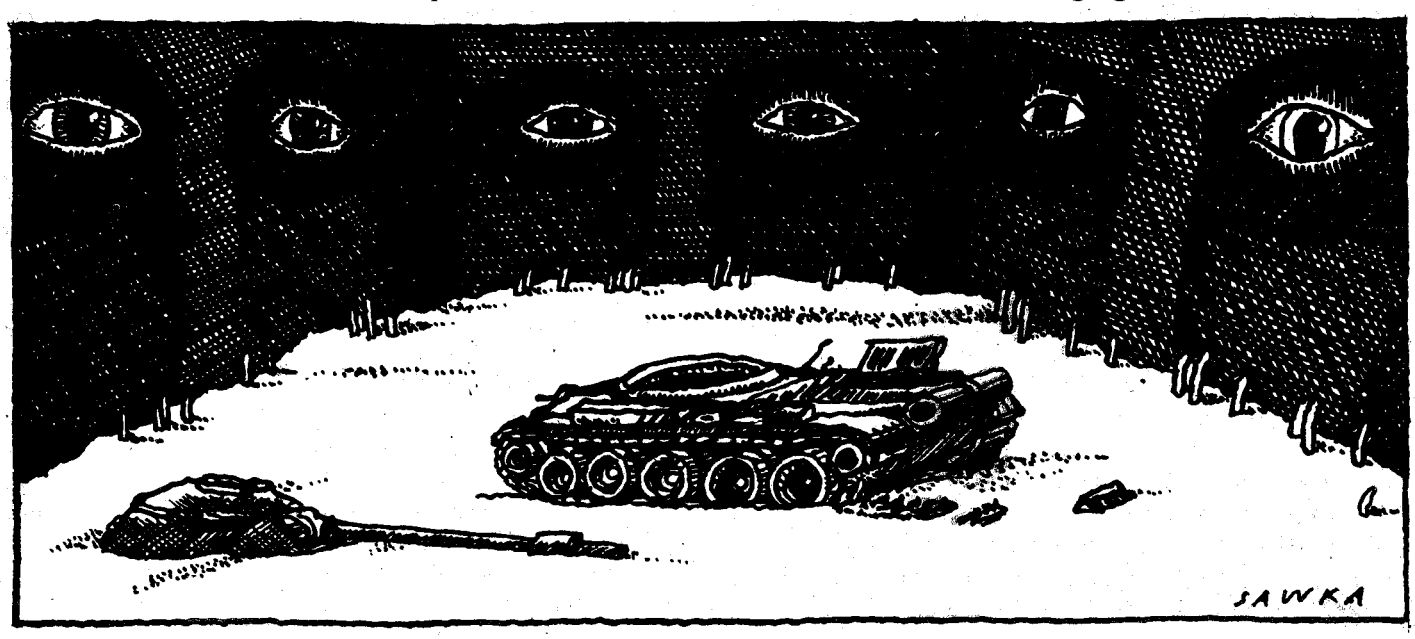
The concentration of Ethiopian—and Soviet—military force in Eritrea leaves a vacuum for these other movements to consolidate and grow in, promising more upheavals throughout the fragile Ethiopian empire.

These developments mark the rise of a new international phenomenon: left-wing revolutionary challenges not only to the West but also to the Soviet Union, which upset the applecart of big-power politics. In the short run, they also threaten to draw the entire Horn of Africa into a wider war. During the past six months there have been at least three instances of Ethiopian bombing inside Sudan and one known infantry incursion. Sudan, which without major Western assistance is economically unprepared to fight a conventional war, allowed these incidents to pass without formal protest. The Ethiopian economy is also in chaos, heightened by rising arms debts, and there are signs of a resurgence of guerrilla activity in the disputed southeastern Ogaden region, still claimed by Somalia despite its defeat last year.

Hence, the overall outlook is for increasing investment by East and West in various client states. Big-power politics in the region could at any time erupt into an East-West confrontation, which could be catalyzed by the Eritrean war—even though the Eritreans themselves snub both sides.

There is a lesson here that neither superpower appears to have yet learned: nationalism is one of the most potent forces in the third world. It can be temporarily suppressed or deflected, but in the long run it will reassert itself with a program designed to broaden its popular support and with goals that reach well beyond nominal political independence under the domination of one or another outside power.

Such movements, once they reach a certain stage, take on an internal dynamic and a strength that cannot be crushed by force of arms, nor manipulated by political or economic blackmail. The United States learned this the hard way in Vietnam. It would appear that the Soviet Union must also take its knocks before the message gets across. □



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CANCELING TV CEREALS

The Candy Breakfast Case

KING HARRIS

Having spent my entire business career in the advertising agency business, I have watched with a jaundiced eye the reaction of advertisers, ad agency spokesmen and broadcasters to the current Federal Trade Commission's public hearings on proposed limits on TV advertising aimed at children.

The advertising industry's anguished howls about First Amendment rights, Government interference into private affairs and the F.T.C. proposals implying that most parents are incompetent to bring up their own children, are facetious and lack credibility. The basic purpose of a commercial is to sell the product, and advertisers are seducing children with words, images, moods, music, associations, skilled techniques, all backed up by mountainous research into the hearts and minds of children. Educated, technique-oriented, sophisticated adult advertisers are brainwashing naive and highly susceptible children with an estimated 25,000 TV commercials a year.

The Federal Trade Commission's basic contention is that it is unfair to aim televised advertising at any children who are too young to understand the intent of the message, and it proposes banning of ads for sugared products that pose the most serious health risk. But in a Los Angeles Superior Court, a $1 billion class-action suit against the giant General Foods Corporation, on essentially the same grounds, has been virtually ignored by the national media. Yet the issues involved have widespread implications for all companies that advertise directly to children. The General Foods suit has a far broader base than the F.T.C. proposal and, according to some observers, has a greater chance of reaching its objectives because a jury cannot be influenced by the broadcasting industry's strong and persuasive Washington lobby.

The lawsuit, filed by Public Advocates Inc., a San Francisco public interest law firm, on behalf of twenty individuals, claims that the Post Cereal Division of General Foods "exploits trusting children in order to sell sugared concoctions as nutritious breakfast cereals." The allegation contends that Cocoa Pebbles, Fruity Pebbles, Honeycomb, Sugar Crisps and Alpha Bits, all containing more than 40 percent sugar, are actually "candy breakfasts."

When children see a TV commercial, the suit maintains, showing a strong man who, having eaten a bowl of Honeycombs, lifts a huge playhouse, they in fact think that the cereal will make them strong. When another ad shows Fruity Pebbles emitting rainbows and psychedelic colors, 4-year-olds think that the cereal does exactly that. When children see one of their heroes, like Barney Flintstone, pouring gobs of chocolate syrup over Cocoa Pebbles, and then saying in two successive sentences, "Hmmm, chocolately good . . . and part of a balanced breakfast," they perceive the product as an important component of a balanced breakfast.

The class-action suit asks the court to bar General Foods or Post Cereals from calling "cereals" any products with sugar as the main ingredient; to prohibit the firms from using advertising indicating the products "have qualities which they do not in fact possess, such as the ability to emit rainbows or to glitter"; to order the corporation to form a "Protect the Young Children Fund" with a minimum of $130 million or "its advertising budget for cereals." The money would be used for dental care of "victims" of the cereals, for education and research into nutrition and sugar-related health problems and for "corrective advertising . . . to educate children as to the nature and extent of that deception." The suit also makes the novel claim that advertisers appealing to children should be held to a fiduciary relationship with them.

Since its inception seven years ago, Public Advocates, which is supported by private donations rather than fees, has won several cases, from penal reform to fair housing access to a Federal suit challenging the use of I.Q. tests to place black children in classes for the mentally retarded. "One of our causes of the action," explained Sidney M. Wolinsky of Public Advocates, "is that a corporation that decides to exploit the children's market should be held in a fiduciary relationship to children. This would be novel as applied to advertisers but it is really a very ancient doctrine. To date, the courts have not explicitly recognized this fiduciary relationship. Anytime, however, there is a great inequality in the relationship between the parties, where one party trusts the other, the law implies the obligation of a fiduciary. That means the obligation of full disclosure. Not hiding things. In this case, advertisers would have to tell children that there is a link between sugar and cavities, and the second obligation of a fiduciary is not to enter into any relationship or solicit any deal which is not in the best interests of the party who does not have the power."

A civilized nation should protect its children from commercial exploitation. We protect children by laws in other ways. They can't work in a factory, drive a car until 16, buy liquor or cigarettes or sign binding contracts. Of the major industrialized nations, only five—the United States, Britain, Australia, Canada and Japan—have ever permitted their preschool children to be exposed to advertising for any product. Public Advocates believes that the battle to protect children from exploitative advertising can be won in the courts.

King Harris, a former executive vice president of Campbell-Ewald Advertising Agency, was co-founder and president of Public Interest Communications Inc., the country's first public interest advertising agency.

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The Church

(Continued from Front Cover)

ing impoverishment of the many for the enrichment of a few," in the words of John Paul II. The Puebla conference's final report admitted that Latin America's "underdevelopment may worsen and even become permanent."

As the only independent institution to have survived under the military regimes, the Roman Catholic Church has suffered unprecedented persecution because of its commitment to the Medellin ideals. More than 850 priests, nuns and bishops have been arrested, tortured, threatened, exiled or murdered in the past decade; thousands of laymen have similarly suffered.

So it was Sancho Panza, the realist and survivor, who held sway at Puebla; there were no windmills tilted at this time. Not only is the church deeply divided over the consequences of Medellin, it is also plagued by doubts: even now when the church has pledged itself to mobilize the pent-up energies, hopes and frustrations of the Latin American peoples for social reform, it cannot predict where it is going. Somewhere to the left, it is clear, but how far and how fast remain uncertain.

Like the Middle East, where Islam is embedded in the local cultures, Roman Catholicism is an important part of Latin America's social and political fabric (90 percent of the people are baptized Catholics). The church's new social consciousness is therefore a source of anxiety and fear to the military regimes, wealthy minorities and their partners in the multinationals. (President Carter was reported to have directed the C.I.A. to monitor and infiltrate both the Catholic Church in Latin America and the Moslem sects in the Middle East after recent events showed the United States to be "unprepared" in Iran.)

Unlike the Medellin conference, which had almost no lay participation, the two years of preparation for Puebla involved thousands of Christian grass-roots communities, or *comunidades de base*, a recent Latin American phenomenon encouraging civic action through community prayer. The advance preparation for Puebla was itself a form of evangelization and offered the first opportunity in Latin America's history for laymen, clergy and even bishops' conferences to criticize publicly the working documents for a bishops' meeting.

Though Puebla did not—could not—surpass the passionate witness of Medellin, the final document on "Evangelization in the Present and Future of Latin America" contains the same strong language of social criticism, as well as clarifying the issues and even making some breakthroughs.

Among the last is an outstretched hand to Latin America's poor, who make up a majority of the region's 320 million people. The Puebla conference wants to make "a commitment to a clear and prophetic option for the poor," proclaims the final document. "The church's commitment to the poor and oppressed, coupled with the growth of Christian grass-roots communities, has helped it to discover the potential of the poor for evangelization, in that they constantly challenge the church, inviting it to conversion." An essential element of the church's "conversion" is "an austere life style" that would free it from worldly goods and privileges, enabling it to assume a truly critical role in its relations with its former patron, the state. As the document states:

> From the heart of Latin America, a cry rises to the heavens ever louder and more imperative. It is the cry of a people who suffer and who demand justice, freedom, and respect for the fundamental rights of man. In [the people's] pain and anxiety, the church discerns a situation of social sin, of a magnitude all the greater because it occurs in countries which call themselves Catholic.
>
> We identify, as the most devastating and humiliating scourge, the situation of inhuman poverty in which millions of Latin Americans live, the starvation wages, unemployment and underemployment, malnutrition, infant mortality, lack of housing, health problems and labor unrest. To this situation of misery must be added the anxieties arising from the abuses of power, typical of military regimes. Anxiety because of systematic or selective repression, accompanied by informers, violations of privacy, undue pressures, torture and exile . . . guerrilla violence, terrorism and abductions by extremists of different ideologies.

Penny Lernoux is The Nation's *correspondent in Latin America.*

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The lack of respect for human dignity is reflected in the repression of labor unions and political parties, the document continues; "capitalism and its development models have contributed to this inhuman situation." The document also suggests that capitalism may be a "greater source of oppression" than Marxism. Therefore, the church must defend the "fundamental right" of peasants and workers "to freely form organizations through which they can defend and promote their interests and contribute responsibly to the common good."

Despite the use of strong language in much of the document, the divided bishops did not directly relate Latin America's problems to its political and economic dependency on the wealthy nations, although the opening message is a declaration of independence from the industrialized countries and the multinationals. Similarly, Latin America's controversial liberation theology was only guardedly praised. The overall impact of the document is that of a measured step forward, not a giant leap, as Medellin was.

Nor could it have been otherwise. It has taken many bishops ten years to embrace fully the documents they signed at Medellin. The unprecedented repression unleashed by the military regimes has helped propel the bishops forward; half of them would not have taken such a strong stand on human rights at Puebla had it not been for the murders of priests and the attacks on church schools and newspapers in some countries. The conservative bishops, representing approximately one-quarter of the Latin American hierarchy (and concentrated in Mexico, Colombia and Argentina), have been the chief brake on this momentum, with the support of the Roman Curia. Because this group was in charge of organizing the Puebla conference (in contrast to Medellin, which was organized by the progressives), there was widespread fear in Latin America that Puebla would renounce Medellin. Of 356 delegates, more than half were appointed by the Vatican and most of them were conservatives. Only one liberation theologian was invited to attend, although the liberation group represents one of the most dynamic sectors in the Latin American church.

The Curia has long criticized the Latin American church's tilt toward "horizontalism," or democracy, and its growing independence from Rome. It particularly objects to liberation theology because it is Latin American, radical, and centered on the poor. (According to one bishop at Puebla, the poverty issue will become an increasing source of friction with the well-heeled Curia as the Latin American church challenges the Vatican to live up to its vows of poverty by divesting itself of worldly goods.)

The Curia's chief hatchet man, Sebastiano Cardinal Baggio, chose Colombia's conservative Archbishop Alfonso Lopez Trujillo to stop the "nonsense" from his post as secretary general of the Latin American Episcopal Conference. But Lopez Trujillo did his job so zealously that he overplayed his hand. For one thing, the bishops refused to be sequestered in the Puebla [illegible] of the Rev. Dom Helder Camara, for "Don

jillo euphemistically described it. After several of the Latin American cardinals' secretaries had shouting matches with the guards at the gate, the "wall" collapsed and delegates were soon mingling with lobbyists outside the conference, including a group of thirty liberation theologians and sociologists led by Peru's Gustavo Guttierrez who represent some of the best brains in the church today. They had prepared more than 100 position papers for the delegates, which had a significant impact on the final Puebla document.

A Mexico City daily dealt the Colombian Archbishop another blow by publishing a copy of a taped letter in which Lopez Trujillo outlined his plans to manipulate the conference in favor of the conservatives, and insulted a number of important church figures, including the Jesuits' Superior General Pedro Arrupe. (Conference sources predicted that Lopez Trujillo's reign at the Latin American Episcopal Conference would end with the March elections.)

But it was John Paul II who finally swung the balance. In his early speeches in Mexico City, the Pope seemed to favor the conservatives in his emphasis on spiritual piety and discipline. However, his opening speech at Puebla also denounced human rights violations, and from then on, the Pope spoke to the people of their right to organize, of the "social mortgage" on private property and of the evils of social injustice. Nobody knows why—whether it was the spectacle of thousands of impoverished Mexican peasants lining the road from Mexico City to Puebla, unfavorable press reports or the counsel of Brazil's progressive Aloisio Cardinal Lorscheider, co-president of the Puebla conference—but John Paul rewrote his speech to the Oaxaca Indians on his return to Mexico City from Puebla at 11 at night. The Oaxaca speech, Puebla delegates said, was the "strongest language ever used by a Pope" on behalf of social justice.

"When all of John Paul's speeches in Latin America are analyzed," said Archbishop Marcos McGrath of Panama, "there emerges a clear message: a mandate to the Latin American church to seek justice as 'teachers of the truth' not from the viewpoint of an ideology or political party but from the Gospel itself. This is what we tried to do at Puebla."

"Although John Paul may not entirely understand us, because his world is so different, the Polish experience has made him aware of the need for strong national churches," said Enrique Dussel, an Argentine theologian. "We believe that, unlike the Curia, he wants us to build a strong Latin American church."

It was precisely this church, determined to go forward, no matter how much persecution, that upset the plans of such men as Baggio and Lopez Trujillo. For Puebla, though more realistic and less prophetic, reaffirmed Medellin's commitment to the people. Perhaps in another decade it will be time, in the

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

Cold-War Cinema II

NORA SAYRE

This is the second part of an essay, the first part of which appeared last week.

In 1947, Richard Nixon asked Eric Johnston, the president of the Motion Picture Association, and Jack Warner, if any anti-Communist films were being made, and J. Parnell Thomas prodded Louis B. Mayer with the same query. None were in production at that time, although Mayer cited *Ninotchka* (1939), and *Comrade X* (1940), which had ridiculed the Soviet Union before it was an ally. (At the request of the State Department, *Ninotchka* had been sent to Italy after the war; it was credited with helping to influence an election there which some feared the Communists might win. And it was hastily re-released here in 1947, one month after the hearings.) Other friendly witnesses before the House Committee on Un-American Activities—such as Robert Taylor and Gary Cooper—were asked if the studios should make anti-Communist pictures similar to the earlier anti-Nazi movies, and they agreed heartily that the industry ought to comply.

Adolphe Menjou said that such films "would be an incredible success." In fact, most were financial catastrophes. According to the Cogley *Report on Blacklisting*, the number of movies concerning other social issues decreased drastically between 1947 and 1954, although more than thirty-five anti-Communist films were produced. Most were shot on low budgets with non-stars—indicating that the studios did not expect them to be profitable; instead, they were intended to rinse the industry's image of radicalism during the cold war. Perhaps in no other period have such dismal creations been launched as a form of public relations.

All the beaming and twinkling and the handsome profiles of *Song of Russia* were negated by *Iron Curtain* (1948), *Red Menace* (1949), *I Was a Communist for the FBI* (1951), *Walk East on Beacon* (1952) and *My Son John* (1953). These movies instruct us especially on how American Communists look: most are apt to be exceptionally haggard or disgracefully pudgy. Occasionally, they're effeminate: a man who wears gloves shouldn't be trusted. However, in films that feature dauntless F.B.I. agents, it's very difficult to tell them apart from the enemy, since both often lurk on street corners in raincoats while pretending to read newspapers, and also because many B-actors lack distinguishing features: they simply look alike. Just when you assume that the miscreants are massing to plot, they turn out to be the heroes. But you can sometimes spot a Communist because his shadow looms larger and blacker then his adversary's. Also, movie Communists walk on a forward slant, revealing their dedication to their cause.

In many of these movies there's a figure whom my notes identify as the Bad Blonde: in the 1950s, you knew that there was something terribly wrong with a woman if her slip straps showed through her blouse; in this context, it meant treason. Communists also defile chaste American institutions—by meeting in the Boston Public Gardens amid the swan boats, or by carrying a copy of *The Reader's Digest* or a T.W.A. flight bag in order to recognize one another—and they do frightful things to flags. Bereft of any humor, they grimly demand explanations of "jokes," and are incapable of asking civil questions, except when they're offering "More Scotch?" to a possible recruit; otherwise, they always bark when they want to know something. Moreover, Communists are cruel to animals. (But we don't know how they treat children, since they never have any. Perhaps that was meant to reassure the public: Communists don't literally breed.) Often, they can be detected by their style of exhaling: they expel smoke very slowly from their nostrils before threatening someone's life, or suggesting that "harm" will come to his family.

Communists tend to go berserk when they're arrested. But they devote so much time to spying on one another that it's hard to see how they could have any free time for serious espionage. While almost all are raving villains, a few are permitted "reasons" for joining the party, such as the Depression or fighting fascism abroad, and a couple were snared by their own "idealism." These movies dispense the fantasy that sign, their comrades either expose their membership to the F.B.I.—so that they'll be jailed or deported—or kill them. Above all, these fictional Communists are murderers, especially of their own kind: they don't hesitate to hurl their associates in front of trains or out of windows, or to "hound" them to suicide. All in all, the movies suggest that Communists were so adept at eliminating one another that there was little work or glory left for the F.B.I.

These films wrench one back to the issues that swirled around *Mission to Moscow* (1943). James Agee referred to that picture as "nominal nonfiction whose responsibilities, whose power for good or evil, enlightenment or deceit, are appalling." He reflected that "It is good to see the Soviet Union shown as the one nation during the past decade which not only understood fascism but desired to destroy it, and which not only desired peace but had some ideas how it might be preserved. . . ." As for the rest, he called it "shameful rot," because it indulged in "the all but universal custom of using only so much of the truth as may be convenient" and disdained "verisimilitude." But, although *Mission* made hash of facts, it didn't soar to the extremes that the anti-Communist films did. The pro-Soviet movie, for all its transgressions, sought to promote cordiality abroad—while the Red-flogging movies tried to inspire hatred at home. When one ponders the responsibilities of film makers, there's a forcible difference between whitewashing a wartime ally and portraying American "subversives" as killers.

"We'll have our way, even if it means blood! shed! and terror!": perhaps the choicest of the anti-Communist films, *Red Menace* was directed by R.G. Springsteen, who had made twenty-five Roy Rogers movies, and released "with unusual pride" by Republic, a studio that specialized in monster pictures. The film's shoddiness reveals its cynicism. Here, California Communists use sex for enticement: a potential dupe says to the bad blonde, "I always thought that Commies peddled bunk. I didn't know they came as cute as you." She lets him kiss her, then pulls away to hand him *Das Kapital*. Later, when they hit the sheets, we deduce that he has read some key passages. But he rapidly discovers that many of his new comrades are pining to leave the party. When a black member does depart, a leader snarls, "We're wasting our time

Nora Sayre, author of Sixties Going on Seventies, *is now working on a book about the 1950s, from which this is an*

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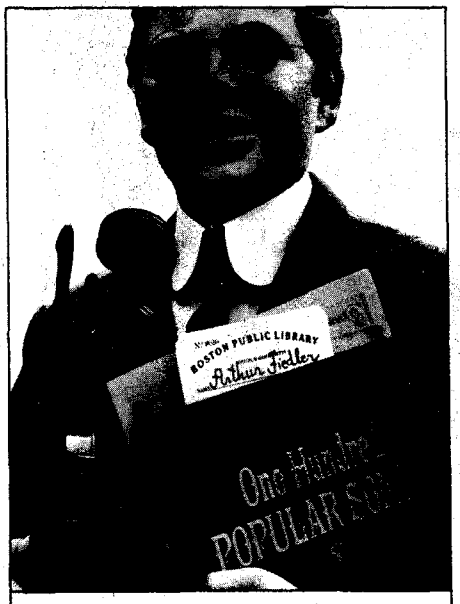
pelled for writing "politically objectionable" verse—"We contend that Marx had no basis in Hegel!"—and they "drive" him to kill himself.

Red Menace illustrates that Communists crack easily: there's a marvelous mad scene where a prime party theorist is besieged by imaginary drumbeats while being politely questioned by the Department of Justice. She yells, "You're too late! . . . our ammunition is already here." The sound track rumbles: we too begin to hear the drums. "The legions—they're entering the city! In a few minutes they'll be here." The drums crash even more loudly. "Hear them!" She laughs deliriously. "You fools! Don't you hear them!" As she's led out cackling, one bewildered pinstriped suit says to the other, "We only wanted her statement for clarification."

Apart from contagious insanity, the Communists' fiercest problem is rampant inefficiency. Even "the party doom squad" fails to capture a disaffected couple. Since most of the faithful are overweight, their fist fights with their victims—also flabby—are painful to witness. Throughout, the actors have trouble with words like "invidious" and "insidious."

The movie was narrated by Lloyd G. Douglas, a bona fide member of the Los Angeles City Council, and the voice-over is charged with feeling as he points out that a character "has fallen prey to Marxian hatred and a strategy intent on spreading world dissension and treason, unaware that he is only the tool of men who would destroy his country." Douglas keeps explaining the film to us—in case we don't quite grasp what's happening on the screen. This quasi-documentary style was employed in other anti-Communist movies: it lent authority to their lavish distortions. *Iron Curtain*, which claimed to be adapted from "a true story, authenticated by the Royal Canadian Mounted Police," cast Dana Andrews as a Soviet code clerk who defects: his performance confirms that being Russian means having a congenital case of the sulks.



I Was a Communist for the FBI was "based on the story of" Matthew Cvetic, which was ghostwritten for *The Saturday Evening Post*. The real Cvetic was for seven years an undercover agent recruited by J. Edgar Hoover; he testified extensively before Congressional committees as an "expert" on Communism. In his early testimony, he first made the error of identifying two other F.B.I. agents as Communists. Later, he said that he had named 1,000 party members in his sixty-three appearances as a witness. In truth, he named about 300 persons, including several Congressmen, stating that the Communists had infiltrated the Republican and Democratic parties with the goal of "gaining control of the government," and that they planned assassinations. Although he eventually had to admit that he never saw a Communist kill anyone, he asserted that "the Communist is not only plotting murder, he's plotting mass murders. Communists plan to liquidate one-third of the American population, mostly the oldsters." Moreover, the Russians had a plan to invade America via Alaska, and "all" representatives of the Soviet-bloc Governments in the United Nations were spies. His book became a radio series, and he earned lushly as a lecturer, while almost 100 people lost their jobs because of his testimony. His reliability was sometimes challenged by defense lawyers because he was hospitalized three times for chronic alcoholism and once for mental illness. He died in 1962 of a heart attack at age 53.

Eight years after *Mission to Moscow*, the Cvetic film seems like Warner Brothers' apology for the former. One of the movie's central themes is that Communists are the true enemies of blacks, working people and Jews. A leader says, "To bring about Communism in America, we must incite riots." Hence the Communists try to inspire blacks to assault whites—"Yes, those niggers ate it up"—and calculate that "if, after this meeting, a black goes out and kills a white man," the party will profit from the money raised for the defense. The comrades take credit for "the Negro riots" in Detroit and Harlem in 1943. "When blacks died," an F.B.I. agent says, "they never knew that their death warrants were signed in Moscow." The Communists also force a strike on the Pittsburgh steelworkers' union, and those who don't join the picket line are beaten with steel bars wrapped in *The Jewish Daily Forward*, so that Jews will be blamed for the blood spilling.

Cvetic, played by Frank Lovejoy, is really a martyr for the F.B.I.: since everyone believes him to be a Communist, his family despises him—"You stinking Red!"—and his small son sobs, "Never come near me again." He has to leave his mother's birthday party for a Communist reception where champagne is swilled while the caviar is passed, and a tipsy comrade explains, 'This is the way we're all going to live once we take over the country!"

"Moscow" originates a campaign to deride the House Committee on Un-American Activities, in order to deceive American "suckers." "Let them howl their heads off about the rape of the First Amendment," an organizer chuckles, adding, "We need some pinko chumps!" In short, any criticism of the committee has been dictated by the Kremlin—a theme that thunders throughout all of these movies. Soon, "Red riots spread from Harlem to the Battery" in protest against a trial of Communist leaders. Cvetic testifies that the party intends "to deliver America to Russia as a slave," and beats up the main functionary in the courthouse. The movie ends with "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" bellowing over the sound track, while the camera moves in for a close-up of a small bust of Lincoln.

Despite its crudities, this movie isn't comic. However, the beginning of *Walk East on Beacon* can elicit gusts of laughter from spectators of the 1970s when the narration extols the F.B.I. for "protecting" us—and soon we see a shot of agents opening our mail. The film is another sham-documentary, "suggested by" Hoover's *Crime of the Century* and "produced with the cooperation of the F.B.I." I'm told that the C.I.A. still leases some ten prints a year from Columbia Pictures, including about five copies dubbed in foreign languages. The films, renewed annually, are rented through one individual and sent to a box number in Washington.

Such an addiction to *Walk East* is mildly amazing because the movie, which unveils a vast network of spies in Boston, makes the Communists so incompetent that a backward child could round them up. It seems odd that the F.B.I. had to pit its collective brain

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against these stumblewits. The spies hope to pirate the results of "an extraordinary scientific experiment," which involves a brilliant "new computer." (I've always yearned to watch a movie scientist working with an old computer, like a faithful retainer. But there are no old computers in Hollywood films, just as there are no old starlets.) The picture is distinguished for its one penitent Communist, who "woke up one morning and found I had a party card," which he compares to "finding yourself married to a woman you hate"—he's promptly murdered for his infidelity—and for the presence of George Roy Hill, a Communist who bites his pencil and resists arrest with gusto. It's exhilarating to see him struggle, shouting, "You can't pin anything on me!," but few would guess from his exertions that he would survive to direct *The World of Henry Orient* or *The Sting* or *Slapshot*.

By far the most feverish of the anti-Communist films was Leo McCarey's *My Son John*; clearly, it was made with all the sincerity that was absent in cynical productions like *I Married a Communist*. McCarey had been a friendly witness before the committee in 1947. *John* was Helen Hayes's first starring role in seventeen years; she played the mother of Communist Robert Walker—the son whom she adores even more than her two "fighting halfbacks" in Korea. As in all the films of this genre, the party is the enemy of religion: Communists recoil from Christianity as the Devil does from a crucifix, and they even look uneasy when someone says, "It's time for Mass."

Like so many films of the 1950s, *John* focuses on the traumas of family relationships, particularly the clash between fathers and sons. But here, when it's observed that "a Commie specialty" is "breaking up homes," we're asked to side with the parents—instead of identifying with the rebellious offspring, as in the James Dean movies. Hayes and her husband (Dean Jagger) are supposed to represent the humble cream of mid-America, stricken by the tragedy of having spawned a subversive son.

However, McCarey's characterizations undermine his design. The violent, threatening father—an American Legionnaire who roars that if he "thought" his son was a Communist, "I'd take you out in the back yard and give it to you with both barrels!"—and the hysterically possessive mother appear as figures from a moldy textbook on male homosexuality. One of the great moments in cinema occurs when the father hits the son on the head with the family Bible. Walker's role—he's sly, furtive, flirtatious with his mother and simmering with snide hostility toward his father—is a cliche for the gay man in a period when sexual and political "deviation" were considered equally disgusting. Supercilious throughout, the actor skillfully conveys that he loves his mother but also cannot stand her. Yet it's intriguing that McCarey chose such grotesque creatures as these parents for his oracles of familial and political sanity. With such a background, it's no wonder that Walker ended up as a stranger on a train.

It should be remembered that the mother/son relationships in the movies of the 1940s and '50s often throbbed with a romanticism that could wring a communal shudder from the psychiatric profession of today. And while there were a few nagging or irksome mothers, as in *Rebel Without a Cause*, the disemboweling, all-destructive mother didn't appear until later—culminating in Angela Lansbury's role in *The Manchurian Candidate*.

Therefore, the Helen Hayes character in *John* seems like an exotic mutation. Meant to be tender and gallant, whether she's clutching her adult son in a passionate embrace, singing him a frantic lullaby that he "used to love," chewing her glove in excitement, or

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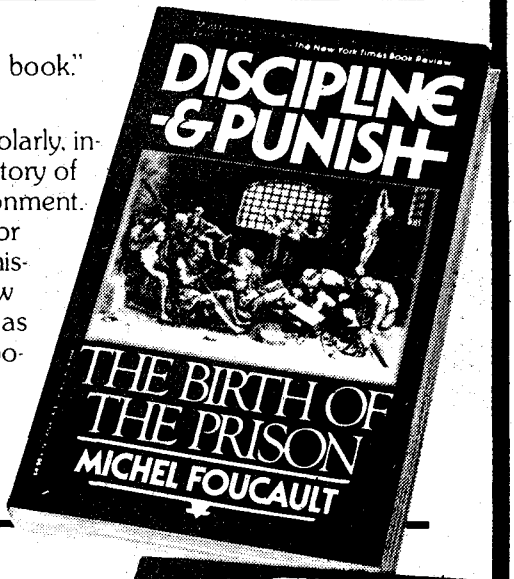

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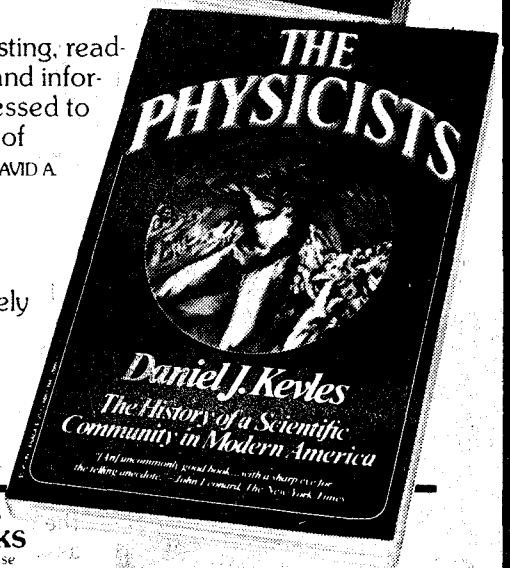

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swallowing hard with bravery, Hayes evokes a being whom you wouldn't want to unleash in any nursery. As she grows flustery and pitiful, we're supposed to deduce that having a left-wing son is ravaging her brain. The actress is winsome between bouts of derangement but, contrary to the director's intentions, you could easily conclude that mothers cause Communism.

The mother decides that her son is a Communist and therefore a spy when she has no evidence beyond her own cloudy suspicions. In that sense, the film mirrored the mentality of the period—in the impulse to condemn those whose "loyalty" was in question. When mother and son wrestle—he thinks she's hiding an incriminating door key, and he twists her wrist while asserting that "There are millions on our side"—her fist opens to reveal a rosary: "There are *millions* on *my* side."

Before the mother shouts to the F.B.I. that her son "has to be punished," the movie has spelled out the twin perils that he personifies: education and the intellect. Hayes remarks that he's always been studious—"He has more degrees than a thermometer"—and that he's closer to his "high-brow professor" than to his "low-brow" parents. Finally, it's stressed that the son's years in college perverted his mind and sucked him into the party.

Robert Walker died just after *John* was filmed; a few of the last scenes were fleshed out with inserts from *Strangers on a Train*. Here, his fellow Communists murder him as he speeds to purge himself before the F.B.I.; he expires at the foot of the Lincoln Memorial. A tape recording of a speech that he had planned to make at his alma mater is played to the stunned students. A heavenly ray of light grows brighter over an empty lectern as they listen to the dead man's voice delivering an awful warning to the youth of America:

> I was going to help to make a better world. I was flattered when I was immediately recognized as an intellect. I was invited to homes where only superior minds communed. It excited my freshman fancy to hear daring thoughts. . . . A bold defiance of the only authorities I'd ever known: my church and my father and mother. [His hearers' eyes widen further.] I know that many of you have experienced that stimulation. But stimulants lead to narcotics. As the seller of habit-forming dope gives the innocent their first inoculation, with the cunning worthy of a serpent, there are other snakes lying in wait to satisfy the desire of the young to give themselves to something positive. . . .
>
> Even now, the eyes of the Soviet agents are on some of you. . . . Before I realized the enormity of the steps I had taken, I was an enemy of my country and a servant of a foreign power. . . . I am a living lie. I am a traitor. I am a native. American. Communist. Spy. And may God have mercy upon my soul.

Part of the film's fascination flows from the fact that McCarey couldn't abandon the traditions of farce or the rhythm of slapstick. Even in this desperately solemn movie, the director of *Duck Soup*, *The Awful Truth* and *Going My Way* revealed himself in sudden bursts of burlesque, as when a parish priest turns playful, or when the embittered father, drunk because his wicked son has upset him, falls downstairs, sings, and falls again. Naturally, *John* was meant to generate support for the committee. But, by making a paranoid fascist of the father and a religious psychopath of the mother, the film makes Communism sound very tempting.

As the 1950s progressed, the percentage of American movies that dealt with social questions continued to ebb: the studios censored themselves where even semi-political issues were concerned. Not that Hollywood had ever made many films about politics per se. But the 1930s and '40s had released numerous movies that explored poverty or free speech or Federal bilge and even racism—or simply the difficulties of living in this country. Often, the tone was more important than the topic. "But," a writer remembered, "after the blacklist, movies were almost labeled *Beware: do not enter this territory*—the territory was social content." The tenor of the films of the '50s was that ours was a splendid society, and that one ought to cooperate with it rather than criticize it. Just as *Life* magazine was wary of "negative news"—catastrophes or injustice tended to be foreign—the studios grew more protective of the national image. (Among the exceptions were some of the inexpensive films that developed out of television plays, such as Sidney Lumet's *Twelve Angry Men* or *Patterns* by Rod Serling, and of course *High Noon*, *Storm Center* and *The Defiant Ones*, plus a paucity of others.) But the majority of movies retired to the domain of private life. Along with the flowering of cheap science fiction, Bible pictures, and musicals, many films waded into the woes of the family. The rebellious offshoots condemned their parents for not loving them sufficiently, while noncommunication paralyzed all those fathers and sons who "just couldn't get through" to each other.

Meanwhile, husbands and wives asked each other the question that also bedecked Broadway in the '50s: "Why don't we touch anymore?" The psychic wound replaced economic anxiety on the screen, and withholding love was much worse than withholding a paycheck. Protest became acutely personal: it had retreated from the streets to the dining-room table and the kitchen, amid the gingham curtains and the flatware. Rarely has family life looked so repulsive as it did in the movies of a decade that also tried to uphold the family as an institution, while the parents who didn't "understand" or cherish their children were as guilty as the gangsters or bosses of an earlier time. And politics misted away: remote or suspect or irrelevant, they dwindled in the public consciousness, no longer a lively subject for entertainment or reflection. □

Between Late Trilling and Early Capra

MARK CRISPIN MILLER

POLITICS AND CINEMA. *By Andrew Sarris. Columbia University Press. 215 pp. $12.95.*

The title of Andrew Sarris's latest book is meant to suggest eternal opposition. Sarris sees politics and cinema as forever separate and immiscible, like oil and water, Jews and Arabs, war and peace. In his introduction, he admits "a skeptical attitude toward the claims of politics on the cinema," which attitude comes through distinctly in most of the thirty essays and reviews in this collection. Those "claims of politics," "mostly liberal, leftist, anarchistic, and even methodically Marxist," are the various demands of other theorists and reviewers, who would rob the movies of their mystery by reducing them to ideological statements, sociological events or semiological signs. Sarris opposes a long

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tradition of reductive left-wing criticism, beginning with Siegfried Kracauer's *From Caligari to Hitler* (1947) and continuing in the works of Christian Metz. He also disapproves of "the cinema of the left," which "in most countries is largely the product of bourgeois self-hatred."

Sarris's own political position is somewhere between late Trilling and early Capra. In "Politics and Cinema," the opening essay, Sarris describes this position as "rabidly centrist, liberal, populist, more Christian than Marxist, libertarian to the point of licentiousness," and alludes to his "vantage point in the muddled middle." He takes especial pleasure in assaulting the illusions of "the left," which he often does with great clarity and cleverness. He is therefore a compelling critic of the audience around him, of those putative liberals who would automatically applaud the good guys' doing what makes the bad guys bad. "The sin of nearly all left-wingers from 1933 onwards," wrote George Orwell in 1944, "is that they have wanted to be anti-Fascist without being anti-totalitarian." Sarris chose this assessment for one of his epigraphs. He believes in it fervently, and often applies it, with great courage and lucidity, to his experiences in the theaters of Manhattan.

As Sarris sometimes lets the basest popular reactions color his critical impressions, however, he tends to accuse both film maker and audience of mindless leftism (which seems highly improbable at this moment in American history). By identifying the audience response with the film maker's intentions, Sarris takes the audience too seriously, and fails to take the film maker seriously enough. In the middle of "Violence in Movies," Sarris recounts a familiar and harrowing experience:

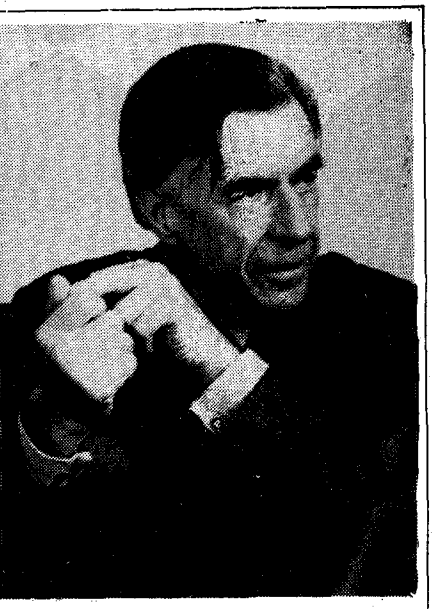
> Some years ago a Lincoln Center black-tie, stuffed-shirt audience cheered the demolition of a cafe-full of unbilled French men, women, and children by a revolutionary bomb squad in *The Battle of Algiers*. Somewhere behind my own stuffed shirt, I found the audience reaction hatefully obscene. They were cheering the deaths of allegorical unpersons, the same kinds of unpersons who died in Buchenwald and Belsen, though under somewhat different auspices.

Sarris asks his reader to imagine Redford, Olivier, Newman, Jane Fonda and others crowded into that same cafe: "Then let the bomb go off five minutes after the picture starts, and show all our cameo stars as shattered corpses." Leaving the realm of fiction, Sarris proceeds to make his *reductio ad atrocitatum* even more vivid, advising his reader to "imagine that your wife or husband, your parents and children, your friends and relations, even Sol Hurok, are in that crowded cafe ready to be blown up. Is it still the same scene? Is it still an occasion for cheering? I think not."

This is Sarris at his hectoring best. But when he turns, his wrath fresh in his mind, to *The Battle of Algiers* itself, he makes the mistake of identifying those well-dressed yahoos (who, for all their chic insensitivity, could not be considered "leftists") with Gillo Pontecorvo, who directed the film, which "reeked of *Realpolitik* as it went about convincing its chosen audience of the revolutionary doctrine (endorsed by both Lenin and Laird) that the good guys were always entitled to blow up the bad guys."

Sarris's anger is understandable, but it should not have overcome his critical attention. Immediately following that explosion, there is an extended sequence of the aftermath: the dead lie in the rubble, the survivors struggle toward their stunned rescuers. The sequence recalls an earlier one depicting the aftermath of an explosion set off by French police in an Arab ghetto. Both sequences are accompanied by a mournful string piece, which dominates and unites them in tone. Thus the repetition of images and music establishes a point of view close to Sarris's own: no matter what ideology may motivate the aggressor, the result of violence is always tragic.

Thus, Sarris seeks to correct a crass reaction by pointing out the seeming flaws in the political "claims" of the film. His motivation is an outraged sense of decency. In attacking "the claims of politics" advanced by theorists and reviewers, however, he is actually engaged in a defense of *auteurism*, his own approach, which he sees as threatened by the impersonal formulations of sociology and semiotics. *Auteurism* is "a purely formal criticism" which assumes that the director's personality is of paramount importance, and that this personality finds expression through style. The *auteurist* must know film history thoroughly, because only the fullest sense of film tradition can enable the discernment of uniqueness. The *auteurist* is therefore a learned impressionist, celebrating those films in which he can discover the particular stylistic motions of a "strong" directorial presence. "My aesthetics have been my politics all along," writes Sarris, who cherishes that variety of styles which only a tolerant so-



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ciety can encourage. Time and again, he asserts his rejection of the formulaic, the teleological, the dogmatic, all of which seem to evoke the specter of Karl Marx: "Art and Revolution," writes Sarris. "Choose One. I choose Art."

When, in the early 1960s, Sarris first began to employ in America the *auteurist* principles which he had picked up from the critics of *Cahiers du Cinema*, he confronted the sneering incredulity of those who exalted Film Art and scorned the domestic product. Sarris dealt with this attitude by exacerbating it, claiming to prefer Cukor to Bergman, Ford to Antonioni, arguing for the superiority of certain Hollywood figures over the uncontested champions of highbrow film study. This experience left him with a contrariness which is still one of his most engaging qualities, for it is born of a love for cinema as sincere as it is well-informed. He is the most learned of film historians, capable of reconstructing countless trends, of restoring to familiar moments their forgotten contexts. His es says on 1960s cinema, *Your Show of Shows* and Norman Mailer's *Marilyn* in *Politics and Cinema* offer impressive examples of this immense erudition.

His criticism of specific films, on the other hand, tends to reflect his strengths less usefully. His thoroughgoing libertarianism opposes him to any kind of censorship whatsoever, but it also seems to strengthen his belief that the spectator's impressions are unalterable. He will merely assert rather than try to persuade: "I know better than to argue with anyone on matters of chemical affinity and bone structure," he writes of John Wayne's low repute among the hippest of New York. "Of course," he opines elsewhere, "the proper role of the critic is to describe rather than prescribe," which definition, while euphonious, does not exhaust the critic's alternatives.

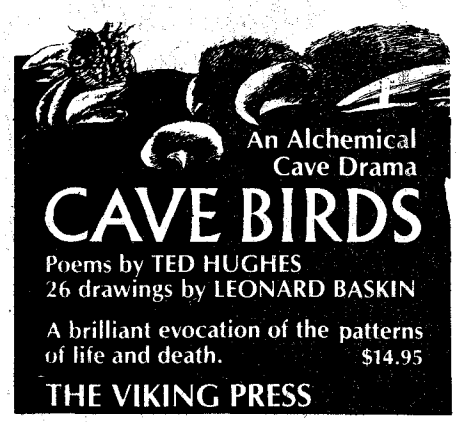
Moreover, once Sarris believes that he has gotten to know a director's personality, he will approach that director's films, not as discrete works that amplify a body of related conceptions but as telling fragments of an *oeuvre*, rich but incomplete, like the details of a painting. Sarris will never try to read one film exhaustively, because his text is not the film but the film maker. Furthermore, his enormous knowledge of film history will sometimes incline him toward a restrictive purism. He will measure a new film against its predecessors, and find it wanting their generic qualities. Although Sarris made his name defending commercial cinema, he seems (if *Politics and Cinema* is representative) to have become distrustful of successful films because the paying millions have apparently lost their innocence and forgotten the proper standards.

Concerned mainly with style and what it says of the director, sure of his own impressions, Sarris will ignore the overall effect of a given film, and therefore tends to miss ironies. Like Pauline Kael, he places too much emphasis on single screenings, and so is sometimes misled by topical matters and offensive spectators. The first section of the book, after the opening essay, is comprised of six reviews, and constitutes an attack on Hollywood movies. *The Candidate* fails because its "main thesis" is "how hard the corrupt world is trying to rape poor Robert [Redford]," whose "mealy-mouthed reluctant virgin of a politician" is despicable at a time when "Nixon can be beaten . . ., but not by reluctant virgins and pure ideologues." As Sarris must have his *auteur*, Redford takes the blame, although the film was a careful collaboration between Redford, director Michael Ritchie and screen writer Jeremy Larner. But isn't the blame ill-conceived, as well as misplaced? *The Candidate* concerns the packaging of politicians by media experts, and is still an effective satire on the subject, whatever Robert Redford's self-image may have been in 1972. Contrary to Sarris's implications, the film was not running for office.

The reviews of *The Conversation* and *Dog Day Afternoon* are also fervently phrased and beside the point, betraying that slight acquaintance with which a single viewing will usually leave the most attentive spectator. For instance, "We never learn exactly why he is what he is or even why he does what he does," writes Sarris of wiretapper Harry Caul, the main character in *The Conversation*, and never mentions Caul's guilt over an atrocious crime made possible by his expert bugging: this guilt is crucial to our understanding of "why [Caul] is what he is." *Dog Day Afternoon* has "at least one fatal flaw": "Does Sonny consent by his silence to the F.B.I.'s killing of his buddy, Sal? It is the one moment of genuine ambiguity in the picture, and it is never resolved. I have a feeling that [the film makers] may have sensed that Sonny would have been compromised as a street hero if it were clearly shown that he had sold Sal to save his own neck." Sonny may be "a street hero" to that cruel mob behind the police lines, but his moments of public glory are delusive, and his own actions confused and dangerous. The "genuine ambiguity" is "never resolved" because genuine ambiguity never is. Sonny has more in common with that F.B.I. agent than one biased viewing might reveal.

It is *The Godfather* for which Sarris reserves his most extended attack. The heavy of *Politics and Cinema*, that film pops up in essay after essay to exemplify Hollywood at its most dishonest. Coppola and Puzo "drift away from the rigor of the crime genre into the lassitude of an intellectual's daydream about revenge without remorse and power without accountability." Who is this "intellectual"? Mario Puzo? In fact, Coppola rejected much of Puzo's suggested dialogue because of its implicit glamorization of the Corleone family. The film is ironic, but Sarris has taken note of only the ostensible effects: "Coppola's approach tends to be humanistic, ethnic and almost grotesquely nostalgic," and the film's worst feature "is the sentimental distinction between the good-bad guys and the bad-bad guys on the pseudoprophetic issue of narcotics distribution." The sentimentality in *The Godfather* is indeed appalling, but precisely because it is disingenuously used by Vito and Michael Corleone, not by Francis Coppola, who deflates his characters' attractive posturing with numerous compositional subtleties and significant recurrences.

As Sarris often attends exclusively to a film's apparent meaning, so does his conception of politics seem to involve policy rather than ideology, as if the "political" meaning of a film were all on the surface, nothing more than the mild acknowledgment of issues. "Indeed, it can be argued that all films are ultimately political either as statements or as evasions," which is true enough, but only part of the truth. Sarris goes on to note "the infrequency with which Vietnam is mentioned" in 1960s cinema, and avers that this infrequency "reflects a society emotionally detached from that particular war." Whether or not this society's attitude toward the



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Vietnam War was one of "emotional detachment," the point here is that a film needn't have a historical event as its explicit subject in order to demonstrate the effects of that event. Films like *The Wild Bunch*, *Dirty Harry* and *Easy Rider* may be about the West, urban crime and touring hippies, respectively, but they are also profoundly expressive of certain responses to the Vietnam War.

But even films made during periods of relative calm are expressive of the prevailing ideology. Sarris is aware of this possibility: "Sociologically inclined critics, mostly of the left, have long argued that even the most escapist movies manage to make statements about their society and its ideology." His subsequent examples, however, trivialize and discredit this approach: *King Kong* (1933) "was presumed to be the unconscious product of Freud's *Civilization and Its Discontents*," and *King Kong* (1976) "has been reportedly programmed to illustrate Fanon's *Wretched of the Earth*." Sarris concludes this derisive reduction with a quote from William de Mille (not the most astute of cultural critics): "So the Mickey Mousians of today will be the New Dealers of tomorrow, whereas the Popeyesians will breed a race of fascists."

In embracing his *auteurist* approach, Sarris sees himself defending a fierce and romantic individualism. And surely those directors who merit the name *auteur* ought to be approached as individual artists. But once a film attracts a big following, it becomes something other than one man's aesthetic achievement. The popularity itself is as meaningful and legible as the film, which should be read differently as an ideological phenomenon from the way it is read as a work of art. As it appealed to millions and influenced popular culture, *The Godfather* is a film separate from Coppola's subtle masterpiece, and so demands another kind of reading. And what do we make of less impressive films like *Star Wars*, whose success offers fresh insights into America's current ideological complexion? Should we merely judge it as an emanation of George Lucas's directorial presence, and ignore its crucial place in cultural history? Instead of simplistically accusing it of being on the right or on the left, oughtn't we to approach its appeal with all the explicatory care and precision which, ideally, ought to mark the criticism of individual works?

As Sarris now conceives of *auteurism* as a humanistic force of resistance against the encroachment of heartless Marxism, he must reject such methods. In "Semiotics and Cinema," he concludes a brief analysis of Gwen Welles's striptease in *Nashville* with a little manifesto: "The semiologist might interpret this sequence in terms of how audiences traditionally interpret the spectacle of the striptease. The stylistic *auteurist* is more concerned with the director's attitude toward the spectacle itself. For myself, I shall stick with stylistic *auteurism*." The concern with "the director's attitude" leads to serious problems in interpretation, since it assumes that the critic can infer, through the spectacle, the director's identity (which difficulty often arises in this book, straining Sarris's comments on *A Clockwork Orange*, *1900*, *Salo* and *The Conversation*, among others). And on another level, Sarris's concern must lead to critical isolation, to the neglect of a work's full historical significance.

> The film scholar should see as much as possible and write about as much as possible. To avoid passing judgment on a film because of lack of sympathy is an act of intellectual arrogance. Nothing should be beneath criticism or contempt. I take a transcendental view of the role of the critic. He must aspire to totality even though he knows that he will never attain it.

While these remarks from Sarris's preface to *The American Cinema* (1968) were meant as a corrective to the narrow *auteurism* of certain European critics, they are also relevant in the present context. The critic must avoid with equal care the hazards of both doctrine and impressionism; he must be eclectic, and not shut his eyes at the point of convergence between film and ideology. As gifted as he is, Sarris ought to consider the real continuity between politics and cinema, instead of endorsing their apparent separation. □

THEATER

HAROLD CLURMAN

Foreign languages of which I'm ignorant comprise the verbal matter of two theater events I recently attended. I much preferred them to a Broadway hit in dialogue I grasp all too well.

At the ever-enterprising La MaMa Experimental Theatre Club on East 4th Street, a group from Crakow, Poland, The Cricot 2 Company, is presenting (until March 4) a "dramatized seance" entitled *The Dead Class*, directed by the company leader, Tadeusz Kantor. More pantomime than drama, it is based on a play by S.I. Witkiewicz, *Mr. Tumor Brainling*.

Witkiewicz, who committed suicide when the Soviet Army entered Poland in 1939, was, according to the Polish critic Jan Kott (author of *Shakespeare, Our Contemporary*), "the most original man of letters in Poland between the wars." Several of his plays have been published in English and some have been produced in American universities; one of them, *The Crazy Locomotive*, was briefly seen at the Chelsea Theater in Brooklyn two years ago. These plays, Kott says, are symbolic images of "the agony and decay of the first years of the century." In Witkiewicz's theater, "corpses get up and continue conversations, and suicides, jumping out of windows, come back through the front door." It is the theater of the absurd—with a vengeance.

In the 1920s and 1930s, the Polish avant-garde theater was suppressed and went underground for a while. It has now returned through the backdoor, under experimental auspices, that is to say, in theaters with small seating capacities. The Cricot 2 Company was established in 1955. In Poland, it gives performances in a "galeria" which, I am informed, is a sort of cafe.

This background points in part to the special nature of *The Dead Class*, first produced in 1975. Its mood, one of

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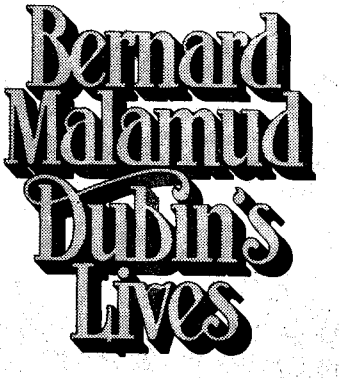

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pained, even hysterical, romanticism, is characteristic of Polish drama in general since 1900. Polish history is tragic—for hundreds of years the country has been the victim of oppression, and its rebellions have constantly been crushed by alien forces. There is nearly always a political vein in Polish plays. "In Poland," Kott writes, "even a striptease may have ideologic overtones."

The Dead Class alludes to Poland before and at the outbreak of World War I. For this reason, the current Polish Government cannot now reasonably object to it. But the specific historic circumstances referred to are a mask which might just as well apply to present-day constrictions and bitterness.

Simultaneous translation of the spoken text would not be of much help to comprehension; nor would be a scenario of the action. *The Dead Class* consists mostly of macabre movement; the players are puppetlike characters and peoplelike puppets. Yet the play is not only thoroughly arresting but even "amusing." It is reminiscent of German expressionist drama, without expressionism's literary emphasis. The fascination of *The Dead Class* is largely visual (its director, Kantor, was first a painter), and it succeeds by the mordancy of its physical metaphors, its weird suggestiveness and, above all, by the mastery of its performances. The company, composed of men and women who earn their living through employment outside the theater, are not simply dedicated but expertly trained actors. Their hands, faces and bodies speak with amazing eloquence. This, apart from whatever the "seance" connotes, is a key to the theatrical joy we experience in spite of all the obscurity of literal meaning and the hurt that the play implies.

The *Grand Kabuki* performances afforded me great pleasure when I first saw them in Japan, and later, in their several visits to New York. The national company was here again (February 6 to 18) at the Beacon Theatre, and is now playing at the Music Center of Los Angeles.

When I reviewed one of the company's earliest appearances in our city (*The Nation*: Sept. 29, 1969), I spoke of Kabuki as one of the most authentic forms of what is often dubbed "total theater." What it has to offer, I then said, besides the gorgeous show of color in costumes, sets and exotic lore, is a scenic life which exemplifies "pride of manner, posture, self-discipline, tension directed toward balance, gracious ease born of strong will and practiced refinement [which] are in themselves the deportment of wisdom." There is in it an adumbration of nobility.

They're Playing Our Song, a musical written by Neil Simon, with music by Marvin Hamlisch and lyrics by Carole Bayer Sager, is a brilliantly boring entertainment (Imperial Theatre).

First, as to its brilliance. Douglas Schmidt's scenery and projections, in a sort of "op-art" fashion, handsomely reflect the glistening commercialism and shining mechanical expertise of the show's environment and content. Robert Moore's direction is deft, as usual, and he has added several cute tricks. Robert Klein, as a pop "Mozart," and Lucie Arnaz, as his lyricist, are both admirably suited to their tasks: he is a nice, fashionably neurotic guy, and she, an honest, kindhearted, free-wheeling dame with abundant pizazz and lovely long legs.

As characters in the "story," they both require medical "shrinkage." They have an affair, disturbed only by their egotism and their dear eccentric natures (especially hers). But don't worry, they come cozily together at the end and turn out—like Neil Simon—only the highest-rating smash numbers.

Now for the boredom. The music and lyrics are unobjectionable and undistinguished—typical of this field during the past ten years. The "book" is a string of gags which the audience laughs at as if paid to do so. For me, these jokes are only sporadically funny, because there is little character truth or human reality in them. They do not issue from people but from a process whereby cliches are bedizened with spangles. For example, the musician fellow, in his aggravation over his lyricist/friend's quirks, exclaims, "I couldn't take my Valium tablets through my clenched teeth!" A yak! But Simon, it is conspicuously evident, has a knack, and it works. □

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

Except for Fellini, Robert Altman is the most willful of contemporary directors. He makes what he damn well pleases and the audience can like it or lump it. It is a splendidly independent position, but the results vary from great to awful, and recently more the latter than the former—*A Wedding* was infuriating; now *Quintet* is malarkey on an epic scale.

For his purposes, Altman has herded a group of distinguished actors—Paul Newman, Vittorio Gassman, Fernando Rey, Bibi Andersson, et al.—up to the snow wastes of Canada, there to preview the final era of a frozen, dying world in a giant warren of a set that looks to be the ice-clad ruins of a many-tiered baroque motel. The title refers to a game which these surviving witnesses to the earth's demise pursue with obsessive intensity. They play it at two levels: on a five-sided board with markers and dice, handsome paraphernalia that might well be marketed in a month or so by the Parker people if, against probability, the film succeeds. And they play it in tournaments, where the leading personages of the community pursue one another through the disintegrating structure in ritual moves that respect the very complicated and ever-changing rules of the game. Since the object of Quintet is to win by killing all the other players, the tournaments are bloody, and Rey, who has cannily installed himself as the nonplaying referee, explains that the true purpose of the game is to preserve a zest for life by exposing one's throat to the dagger.

The notion that in the last days men and women will play at slaughter to ward off the realization of universal oblivion is hardly new. Lethal auto racing was a popular avocation in Nevil Shute's *On the Beach*, and a few years back, Marcello Mastroianni and other elegant Italians amused themselves with homocidal hide-and-seek in a similar doomsday fantasy. However, flirting with death is as plausible an occupation as any for our ultimate descendants, and I wouldn't mind Altman's harping on it, if he did so with some imagination. The unhappy fact is, however, that all the imagination was spent on the lugubrious, dreamlike set; the characters are as lackluster and boring a bunch of platitudinous champions of protocol as you could well assemble for an ice age. That, too, may be plausible—one's mental processes might well congeal when the earth no longer basks in the sun—but it makes for weary watching.

Not so plausible are the details of life in the last of the Holiday Inns. I noted, for example, that the lighting system worked perfectly, though on what source of electricity I cannot imagine. And if there is fuel for generators, why is there no heat? (In a particularly taxing scene, a deranged woman holds her hand over a brazier until the palm chars and the flesh begins to sizzle.) Moreover, these survivors appear well

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time they would prove to be cannibalistic, but the only scavengers are the packs of well-supplied, and therefore docile, dogs. So who provides the meat and potatoes? Not to mention a drink I believe was called Boozo. Then there is the clothing—fetching rags, to be sure. The men dress for the most part in voluminous caps and flowing robes, recalling the doges of Venice; the women's apres-ski outfits suggest that somewhere the Parisian *couturiers* are still showing their seasonal collections. It may be objected that, since *Quintet* is a fantasy, one shouldn't quibble over consistency, but I think fantasies should be consistent within themselves, and in this case the anomalies call attention only to the fact that prophecy about the end of the world is as futile as speculation about the life hereafter.

It is possible also that, beyond mere entertainment, Altman intends his film as a parable on the excesses of our current society. Arbitrary violence does seem to be on the rise, and it would be possible to make the case that the rituals of Russian roulette are gaining ground. But if that is what he has in mind, I think he designed an inappropriate model. The fault is in ourselves, not in our star—and that is an entirely different sort of game.

There are few things that distinguished British actors like better than to deck themselves in mutton chops, capes and archaic headgear and cavort through yet another adventure of Sherlock Holmes. Hence Christopher Plummer, James Mason, David Hemmings, Anthony Quayle, John Gielgud, et al. in Bob Clark's *Murder by Decree* (screenplay by John Hopkins). Like *The Great Train Robbery*, reviewed here last week, it is a sumptuous Victorian thriller.

Out of respect for Mr. Hopkins's ingenuity, I will merely say that his story might be one of those cases in which Holmes became involved with persons of such high degree and with villainy so threatening to the very survival of the Empire that Dr. Watson, in his memoirs, could bring himself to mention them with only the most patriotic and snobbish discretion. I may say, however, that in this instance Holmes saves the throne and unmasks Jack the Ripper to boot.

Plummer gives, for once, a young, handsome, quite drug-free Holmes, who frankly relishes the absurdities of his medical colleague. And Mason plays Watson not only as obtuse, though handy in a melee, but engagingly petulant. They are a splendid pair. Donald ert Lees, the "psychic," helps Holmes by "seeing" what the sleuth is endeavoring to ferret out. Sutherland leading a posse through the streets of London, like a M. Hulot endowed with ESP, puts a high polish on this absurd, if somewhat gory, romp.

Next week: Dustin Hoffman and Vanessa Redgrave in *Agatha*; George C. Scott in *Hardcore*. □

INDIGENOUS MUSIC

NAT HENTOFF

In the early 1960s, television producer Bob Herridge and I asked Duke Ellington to do an hour-long program for a series on the Metromedia stations. To Ellington, television meant mass audience and so he proposed what amounted to medleys of his standards, along with other familiar showcases for his soloists. For most of a night, I argued instead that this was a chance to expose that large audience to—and get into a permanent visual form—one of his extended compositions such as that perennially revealing microcosm, "Tone Parallel to Harlem."

Duke finally yielded, though still doubtful that many people out there had the attention span for so complex a work. The program turned out to be wholly absorbing—musically and visually. The ratings, while hardly stunning, were substantial, and all involved were delighted that "Harlem" had been preserved, multi-dimensionally.

Some years later, when Herridge tried to get a kinescope of the program, he found it had disappeared. Maybe it had been erased so that the tape could be used again, or it had been misplaced, or just thrown away. Before "Harlem" was televised and lost, Steve Allen (an aspiring jazz pianist as well as wit) used to invite considerable numbers of renowned jazz players on his *Tonight* show (NBC). A while ago, someone searching for those kinescopes discovered that a foreman in one of the network's warehouses had disposed of them because he needed the space.

There is no way of knowing how many more hundreds or thousands of hours of televised jazz have also been lost. While the networks have never given much time to the music, some individual stations around the country have, particularly in the 1950s and of how much of this material still exists. Nor does anyone know the full extent and quality of the jazz performances in movies over the decades—from shorts to sections of feature films. Nor is there a central register of the many jazz programs, some of which have become fabled, on television networks and stations in Germany, Japan, Denmark, Britain, France and Italy.

In sum, there is no archival institution, anywhere, concerned with locating and preserving the audio-visual record of jazz. A few private collectors —like David Chertok in New York— assiduously search out what they can find, here and abroad, but their resources are limited. Watching programs of Chertok's films is both exhilarating and dismaying. Seeing such splendidly evocative fragments makes one pine for all the other wonders that must be out there somewhere. But whatever is so far uncollected will, like all old films and tapes, eventually dissolve of age if not rescued.

And always, there are those cost-conscious functionaries who, coming upon tapes or films of "outdated" music, discard them. Copies still exist of "The Sound of Jazz"—clearly the best of all jazz television programs, with Billie Holiday, Count Basie, Thelonious Monk, et al.—but for how long?

Malcolm Klugman, a longtime producer for public television and writer on jazz, has come up with the only comprehensive design I have seen for a jazz archive and library that would locate and store audio-visual jazz from all over the world. The institution would not only catalogue what it finds and make copies for schools and other libraries but would also film and tape jazz events, thereby insuring that no musician of consequence will die—as Jelly Roll Morton and Charlie Christian did—without ever having been on film.

To do the initial research for setting up such an archive, Klugman is applying (again) to the National Endowment for the Arts and Humanities for a year-long grant. Since his proposal does not concern the origins of Italian opera or a study of the exercise books of Bach's grandchildren, I am not overly optimistic that the Endowment will consider his project "serious" enough. But the seed money must be somewhere. Maybe at some of the record companies which have amassed so much money from jazz over the years. Or, as generations change in their musical obsessions, perhaps a jazz equivalent of Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge will emerge. But if nothing happens for another decade,

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with the added frustration that we won't even know what they are. □

TELEVISION

PETER SOURIAN

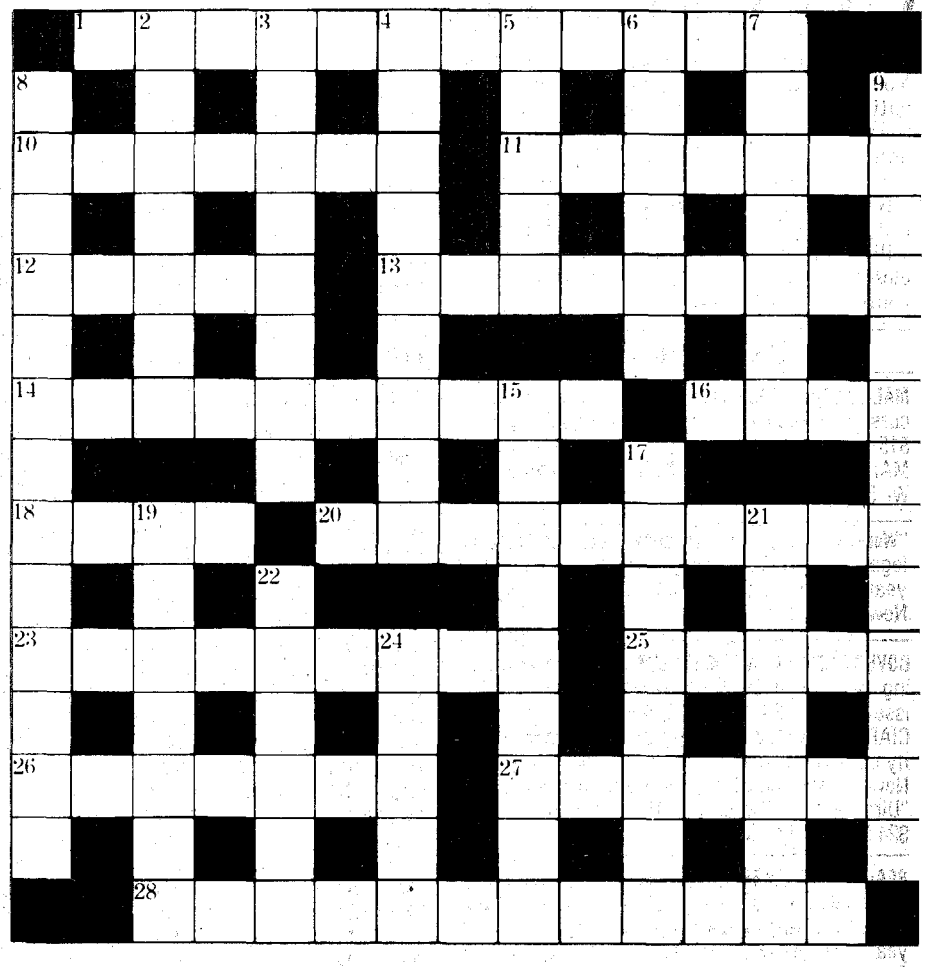
I recently had the pleasure of visiting The Museum of Broadcasting at 1 East 53rd Street in New York, founded late in 1976 by William S. Paley to preserve and make available a large collection of representative broadcasts over the past fifty years. There I met its president, Robert Saudek, its curator, Mary Ahern, and also, in the room where its remarkable card catalogue is kept, two very familiar looking young men. They were waiting for the cassette they had requested so they could go to one of eight console booths and watch it, an old *Ed Sullivan Show* starring the Beatles. The two young men looked familiar because they were playing on Broadway in *Beatlemania*. In order to improve their performances they were there to study the genuine article.

Robert Saudek is a suitable head for The Museum of Broadcasting, since he is a walking capsule of broadcasting history. He was about 9 when radio began in 1920 and is a second-generation broadcaster himself, his father having worked for KDKA in Pittsburgh, which claimed to be the first radio station in the country. Saudek set up RCA Corporation's Blue Network in the late 1930s; from there he became vice president in charge of public affairs at ABC, and later produced the highly successful and innovative *Omnibus* series. He also taught both practical and theoretical courses in broadcasting at Harvard.

Researching a role in *Beatlemania* is, of course, only one of many reasons for going to The Museum of Broadcasting. During my visit I met a young couple who were there because they are "crazy about TV"; a student doing a paper on McCarthy who wanted to watch the McCarthy hearings, and two young boys watching Bert Lahr unforgettably chop down a tree. One might also enjoy discovering a first "telecast" of Toscanini conducting; Eric Sevareid interviewing Walter Lippmann; Judy Garland, at age 12, singing on the radio; Hitler on NBC radio (at 6 A.M., our time) answering Roosevelt's peace plan, and, of course, proof on disks of Roosevelt's own highly conscious and masterful use of a relatively new medium. □

Crossword Puzzle No. 1763

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Concerning such as Mickey and people of literature? (2,4,3,3)
10 What one did to the stimulus of play, in part, during "The Return of Bambi". (7)
11 Six, like Omar's rose, might appear peaked, in a sense. (7)
12 22 down and 16 Aggressive activity possibly to start with top cover in the fall. (2,3,4,2,1,3)
13 Sort of merged around here in Paris—it might get rid of the bugs in it. (9)
14 Jersey might have such out-of-date anesthetic! (4,6)
16 See 12 across
18 Old-fashioned fun some people get a rise with. (4)
20 You can obtain a soul cheap, without a head. (10)
23 See 5 down
25 The queen directs a new colony to be made with it. (5)
26 One might be set for us, being no longer plentiful. (7)
27 The meek are sometimes found down this. (7)
28 Choppy seas found, and so all is well. 4,3,5)

DOWN

2 Over-excited when it comes up in one of the things Pierre's notes might be based on. (7)
3 Finally, where some get their boosters (2,3,3)
4 Possibly magic done by marrying with in the tribe. (9)
5 and 23 across Do satellites that go or forever get where Pan got? (5-5-4)
6 Occult old place in Connecticut. . . .(6
7 . . . . and somewhere a little further north. (7)
8 First tests, as far as the books are concerned. (5,8)
9 Tries me awfully in coming, notice? (13
15 Hastened when the foot element went around it. (9)
17 Stately in music, but uncertain as to some composition. (8)
19 Shows an old disreputable ship coming up around the point. (7)
21 No-no possibly made, as some speakers continue. (2,3,2)
22 See 12 across.
24 A near upset in the field of conflict. (5

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1762

ACROSS: 1 Queen Victoria; 9 Octet; 10 Wild Pitch; 11 Aspirin; 12 Props up; 13 Irate; 14 Portfolio; 16 Number one; 18 Worry; 19 Adjudge; 21 Earthen; 22 King Midas; 23 Hotel; 24 Accident-prone
DOWN: 1 Quotation marks; 2 Ectoplasm; 3 Nut tree; 4 Iowan; 5 Tulip tree; 6 Rip off; 7 Antis; 8 Rhapsody in Blue; 14 Proceeded; 15 Larghetto; 17 Endemic; 18 Worship; 20 Junta; 21 Essen.

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